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Canada's

Week

April 16, 2001

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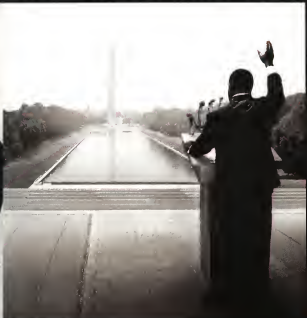
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August 26, 1963 Martin Luther King, Jr.



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This Week

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April 16, 2001 No. 114 No. 16

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Canada's Weekly Magazine

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COVER

42 SOUL SEARCHERS

In pursuit of spiritual renewal, Canadians are increasingly checking into a wide array of retreats. They go to monasteries, temples, ashrams and sweat lodges, which offer everything from apatun rooms to spa-like luxury. When they leave, visitors—including Johnnie Rael—profess to a profound peace of mind, and even a renewed feeling of faith.



50 Excellent adventure



"Imagine a big gorilla jumping on your chest and then throwing you off a cliff." Astronaut Chris Hadfield is looking forward to his return to space.



58 The stoned screen

In the three decades from *Easy Rider* to *Men*—the dopier version of the American Dream—the Drug Movie has become an addictive genre.



SPECIAL REPORT

20 Summit for sale

Corporate sponsors are paying as much as \$500,000 for a profile at the April 20 to 22 Summit of the Americas. Critics say Ottawa is selling out for cash.

ROGERS MEDIA

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Editor

And now, the news—begun anew

In the nearly 26 years since *Maclean's* became a newsmagazine, each of three previous editors has put his mark on it. Peter C. Newman conceived the vision, and gave it voice. Kevin Doyle added domestic and international business, and expanded the scope of coverage. Bob Levin led *Maclean's* onto the Internet, and into award-winning journalistic projects like the annual university ranking guide.

Now, it's time for a new chapter. It takes away nothing from these predecessors to say *Maclean's* will re-examine the newsmagazine process, and reinvent itself. Since 1905, we've been a business magazine and general interest publication, literary fiction and, under Newman, morphed into our present format. Within those frameworks, editors like Peter Gzowski, Pierre Berton and Ralph Allen were always seeking and seeking ways to improve the final product.

During *Maclean's* years as a newsmagazine, Canada and the state of journalism have changed dramatically. In the old days, *Maclean's* had a relatively homogeneous audience, with few other national voices competing for

its attention. Now, that audience has fragmented, and so has the competition, which includes two national dailies, radio, multichannel television and the Internet.

Those changing conditions present challenges and opportunity. Because Canada is now such a different place, we don't know one another as well as we once did—and *Maclean's* is ideally placed to help fix that. That means offering more stories about our history, more opportunity for readers to exchange views, and more chances for people to tell their stories directly. We already do that in our biweekly *Over to You* genre columns, but we'll soon expand that feature in size and frequency. Here, in fact, is an invitation: send us your first-person stories about life experiences—whatever moves you. Articles should be about 1,000 words and may be sent via e-mail to Submissions@maclean.ca, or by fax or regular mail. Details are on our *Mac* page. Please include correct number and address. Because of volume, we can't respond to all submissions.

The *Maclean's* of weeks to come will offer an evolving mix of the familiar

and unpredictable—like the rhythm of everyday life. We will still make and break news, but in different ways, and we'll tell you things you don't see elsewhere. That's the real challenge for any media outlet. To that end, it's always amusing when the two national dailies periodically burch into their ever-predictable stories in which they forecast, in quietly hopeful terms, the death of newsmagazines (which would then close the way for—what a coincidence!—more ad revenue and readers for themselves). Irony is a far from the only issue in a wired world: qualities like intelligence, insight and the ability to be interesting and sometimes irrelevant matter more than ever on a cluttered, confusing landscape. Judge us—and them—by those demanding standards, and we'll all be the better for it.

Andy Weil-Kelly

response@maclean.ca to comment on From the Editor

Newsroom Notes

Searching souls

When Senior Writer Sharon Doyle Driedger and Associate Editor Susan McClelland began researching this week's cover package on the popularity of spiritual retreats, they approached their assignment with skepticism. But Doyle Driedger, who went to a Benedictine monastery, and McClelland, who spent a weekend at a shamanic

ceremony, got a strong sense of what attracts people to these solitary getaways. "As much as anything, retreats give people permission to do nothing, without guilt," says Doyle Driedger. "And the sense of peace is palpable."

For many, though, there is so much more to it than that. The retreat boom is driven by people looking to restore their faith. "There is a spiritual longing out there," Doyle Driedger



Writers Doyle Driedger (left) and McClelland

says, "and retreats are tapping into that." McClelland, a Roman Catholic, is evidence of that. She went without many expectations, yet found herself drawn to the sacred exercises that were part of the shamanic teachings. "I have always been religious," she says. "Learning about shamanism reinforced my beliefs." Their stories, edited by Executive Editor Bob Levin, begin on page 42.



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The Mail



Wandering in Quebec City

Protesting too much

It seems that Marleau has become the voice of the new left, but without much to say about the difference between lawful demonstrations and out-and-out anarchy ("Background Quebec City: Special Report, April 2). The People's Summit, taking place at the same time as the Summit of the Americas, is described as "more than 10,000 opponents of the official summit occupying the old port area for six days of panel discussions, speeches and other events culminating in a big protest march." So far so good, and you read "Protest 101," where it says that "some activists argue that violence would be acceptable when confronting police in Quebec City's Hall on." The new left is not above the law just because it doesn't agree with some issues it seems to have little or no understanding of. It seems that the need for tolerance

falls on the democratic people of Canada, and no accountability ever falls on whatever crank protest group is the focus of the day.

Tony Warran, Edmonton

Every act of violence, no matter how small, allows the corporations to write off the substance of protest as simply hoodlums by troublemakers. The way to embarrass them is to mount a dramatic and profound demonstration that emphasizes nonviolent resistance. Imagine half a million people in Quebec City, arriving gradually over several hours prior to the meeting. They are all dressed in black and keep moving slowly around the perimeter of the same area. There is no sound. No damage. Imagine the TV coverage. If Canadians really believe the current form of globalization must be stopped, they have to turn out en masse—a few traitor students are not going to do it.

James Cass, Wining, Ont.

Why is the professor who joined University of Ottawa students in drawing "their opponents of the Battle of Seattle" described as big? Does Marleau support the violence that opponents of globalization encourage? Marleau, after all, is a brand just like those considered the enemy and should be boycotted as well.

T. F. Chambers, North York, Ont.

These protesters can't see past their noses. Because of their short-sighted thinking and selfish attitudes, they are throwing a wrench in the gears of world progress. When the dedicated designers of the World Trade Organization have the results of their wise efforts running even more smoothly: all barriers, borders, duties, tariffs and embargoes between countries will come down like Berlin Walls. Higher standards of living and lower taxes will be for everyone.

Gy Polosand, Glenora, Alta.

Passion embraced

I don't have a problem with the cover image of the apparently naked young woman from March 5 ("Revolving work"), but according to recent letters ("The naked truth," The Mail, March 15), apparently I should, and apparently I should also be critical of the cover image "Passion play" (April 2) with two Canadian ice skaters, David Pelletier and Jinnie Sold, in an openly and obviously passionate embrace. Imagine that. Sexual innuendo or not, I appreciate that Marleau is able to embrace passion as a virtue, and not as something to be hidden behind closed doors, where we just might be misled.

Rob Allen, Lebridge, Alta.

You wrote, regarding anti-globalization demonstrators, that "tearing our country why so many people are so stirred up is not easy." What is so difficult to understand? Until our governments can negotiate trade agreements that are not anti-democratic, and until global capitalism can be constrained to serve people, cultures and the environment instead of the other way around, the process will get larger and larger.

Matthew Wood, Courtenay, B.C.

Recent articles about the anti-globalization protesters lead me to conclude that there will always be a segment of the population (usually young and idealistic) who will have a need to seek excitement and violence.

George Dunlop, Toronto

Truth and scandal

I have always regarded Canadians and the Canadian media as having class that is so often lacking in many other well-known countries. Must we scrape the bottom of the barrel to find the scandalous? I am tired of hearing male voices about the alleged affairs of the Grand-Mère Golf Club ("Caught in the act," Canada, April 2) because, quite frankly, we have more important

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Edited by Shanda Dornell

Over and Under Achievers

In for a Pound

*Wifebeater? Foreign? Romanovs? trying!
The PMs trying? The house diving?*

◆ **RBC Dominion Securities:** Doveside: Royal Bank faces new allegations regarding "suspicious" client trading. Upside: the Royal Bank blows the whistle. A decade after death of the Soviet Union, *glasnost* arrives at a bank.

◆ **Jean Charest:** Deflects attention from Shaverston with fiery attack on "cowboy" Dubya over burgeoning U.S.-Canada trade war. Watch out, or we'll expatriate Peter Jennings!

◆ **Ray Brownson:** It took a massive Saskatchewan premiere—*Tecumseh Douglas*—to kick-start medicine, and now maybe as author to see it. We wait on pens and needles, Roy!

◆ **The falling icons:** Where it stops, nobody knows...

◆ **Rich Pounds:** Montreal lawyer emerges amidst refigiting as strong candidate to head International Olympic Committee. His chances break down to one Pound, two measures...

◆ **Wendell:** Sparky Alberta-based online news has a bigger market cap than *the* Canada. Being on AOL?



Meet you at the bottom

A sports go, free diving is breathtakingly simple. With rebreathers (oxygen gear left on the beach, free divers breathe low deep) and for how long, a single breath of air will carry a diver 30 metres down. **Alan Knuck**, whose personal best is a 101 m, says the attraction is "entering the water on its own terms." The equipment is minimal—a wet suit, weight belt, a steel tank, mask, snorkel and oxygen regulator.

The sport is decades old in Europe, where it is known as apnea—meaning "cessation of breathing." Just last year Knuck, 32, founded the Canadian Association of Free-Diving & Apnea and coached Canada's first national team to a second-place finish at the world championships in Nice, France. He is hoping for gold this year at the worlds in Bona, Spain. But first, a team will have to be selected at the Canadian nationals in Vancouver at the end of May.

Anaerobic pushups at 20 are old Vancouverite **Mandy Gaskin**, a former professional swimmer, whose personal best is a dive that lasted one minute, 31 seconds and took her to a depth of 50 m. Knuck also coaches Amy, who free-dives **Brent Lemer**, who holds a men's world record—81 m. Knuck's students have drawn the attention of Simon Fraser University neuroscientist **Eric Sandhouse**, who is studying how the body by slowing its heart rate and reducing oxygen consumption, helps divers defy accepted human physiological limits.

Looking ahead, Knuck wants the sport to achieve Olympic status—adding it beside at least six to a future Summer Games.

Knuck likes the sport of free diving

See MacQuest

Long, long, long may they reign

On April 21, Queen Elizabeth II turns 75 and the countdown begins to next year's Golden Jubilee celebrations, honouring her 50 years on the throne. But the Queen isn't alone in holding down the same job for decades. Here are the 10 longest-reigning heads of state:

Country	Monarch	No. of years on throne
Morocco	Prince Hassan III	51
Thailand	King Bhumibol	50
Britain, Canada, 15 other countries	Queen Elizabeth II	49
Tonga	King Taufa'ahau Tupou IV	35
Brunei	Sultan Hassanal Bolkiah	33
Denmark	Queen Margrethe II	33
Oman	Sultan Qaboos	30
Nepal	King Birendra	29
Sierra Leone	King George VI	28
Sweden	King Carl XVI Gustaf	26



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Torrid prime ministerial affair

Canada's fourth prime minister, **St. John Thompson**, clearly knew how to fan the flames of desire. "When he kisses me and tells me that I am all his, I feel happy. For now I live for him," wrote **Annie Allcock** of 22-year-old Thompson in 1867.



'Granny' Thompson

Annie's diary and the courtship couple's letters were written in an obscure shorthand. Secrecy suggests historian **P. B. White**, who helped crack the code while researching Thompson's personal papers in the 1970s, was warranted. Annie's father, a well-to-do Catholic sea captain, was not fond of his daughter's advice, the son of a Methodist poet-journalist.

But love prevailed and **Annie married Thompson** in 1870. Fifteen years later, at Antigonish MP and justice minister, a shy diffidence Thompson was still unleashing his passions in daily letters from Ottawa. Annie was his "Baby" and he her "Granny." In one letter the future PM wrote: "I am so fond of you that I want to give you a good licking," Annie says. White, "was not above responding in kind."

For at least one other PM the pen was not so mighty. Despite anguished letters to **Hazel Caldwell**—"I really am just a poor weak emotional man, hungry for a night of you"—**R. B. Bennett** closes ultimately veiled entreaties.

As for Thompson, his appeal cannot be denied. Says White of his decision to research the little-known prime minister: "I kinda fell for him."

Sue Ferguson

Overbites

"[He/she just] a washed-up person known from *Hicksville*."

—**Michael Enright**, host of the Sunday edition of *The Morning* on CBC Radio, during an April Fools' Day mock interview with former U.S. president **Jimmy Carter** on the current U.S.-Canada softened border deal.

"You're over to talk, or 'Went's you on the set since five years a week'?"

—Comedian **Ray Lavigne**, who impersonated Carter, refers to the fact that Enright used to be a full-time host.

"CBC's scribble has come off looking ridiculous in a remarkably short interview."

—The *Globe and Mail's* foreign editor **Drew Hoggan**, covers the exchange without relishing it was a joke.

"No, I don't think you should now assume that every word in the paper is a lie. Yes, I feel like an idiot."

—Hoggan, the next day.

"We know that if Michael had really been interviewing anyone whom he perceived had some power, he would have been forcing all over them."

—The *Morning* internet posted message on CBC's Web site comments on Enright's interview style.

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Babe Watch

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History has not always been kind to the Mrs. Robinsons of the world. But times may be changing. British Columbia is about with what West Coasters call "cougar" dating—when foraging older women prey on overemotionalizing men. The term even came up on *Sex and the City*, when PR exec Samantha—played by B.C. native **Kim Cattrall**—referred to herself as a cougar. And now feline sightings are becoming trendy in bars and singles scenes throughout North America. Still, Vancouver continues to be the hub of scientific research into the cougar preying habits.



Snatching their prey: Vancouver's 'feline' cougar's characters have claws teeth

One Vancouver Web site dominates the field—*Cougardate.com* was created specifically for women who want to hunt younger men and younger men who want to be hunted. At present, more than 10,000 people have signed up for the site.

like robbing during service—4,000 of whom are men between the ages of 19 and 30. The site also offers humorous tips for spotting widows. First off, cougar ain't looking for marriage and babies—most already have huge divorce settlements. Cougars have a high-falootie diet, but are usually an shape because of excessive shopping, travelling or just sheer genetics. And cougars take great care of their teeth. Younger females also have a place in the food chain, according to the Web site. Women in their 30s are cougar cubs and those in their 50s are cougar-in-training or panthers. At 40, women become bona fide cougars—and set out for the hunt.

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Overture

PASSAGES

Hindi: After 16 years as a politician, former Quebec premier Lucien Bouchard will return to his old job—protesting. Now, Bouchard is a lawyer in Chicoutimi, Que., for 22 years before entering politics in 1985, when he was appointed Canada ambassador to France. In January, Bouchard resigned from public life saying he failed to accomplish his party's dream of making Quebec a separate country. Last week, Bouchard, 62, announced he will work in the Montreal office of Dunlop, Ward, Phillips & Vinberg, which specializes in business law. His wife, Audrey Bort, 42, who graduated from McGill University's law school this spring, will arrive at competitor Herman Blaikie.

Assured: Regardless of the sharp decline in his company's stock, Noriel Wedgewood Corp. chief executive officer John Roth, 58, remains a legend in the country's business community. Last week, Roth was inducted into the Canadian Business Hall of Fame. He is credited—after taking the helm in 1997—with turning the small Brampton, Ont.-based firm Northern Telecom into Nortel, now the world's largest producer of telecommunications equipment.

Died: Jim Proudfoot travelled the world to cover sports until his death during his 48-year career. *The Toronto Star*—but his favourite were hockey and horse racing. Formerly, Proudfoot was a respected writer who was inducted into both the hockey and Canadian football halls of fame. "He had the passion of a fan," said Mike Dunne, a former *Star* sports editor and Proudfoot's mentor, "but he never permitted that to show in his copy." Proudfoot, 67, died from complications of a stroke, in his Toronto home.

Died: Charles Daudelin, Quebec's prolific abstract painter and sculptor, began his career in the 1940s. An early painting

won him a grant to study in Paris. When he returned to Montreal, Daudelin created abstract projects and eventually started sculpting. Two of his most famous works are the 16-m-high altar piece in the Sacred Heart Chapel behind Montreal's Notre Dame Basilica and the jagged fountain sculpture at Place du Québec in Paris. Daudelin, 82, died in Montreal.

Died: Vietnamese singer-songwriter Timmy Chang Soa, called "the Bob Dylan of Vietnam" by *Annex* magazine's Dylan Bass, was drafted in his anti-Vietnam War efforts. Soa wrote more than 600 songs, many of which were banned by his government. He was eventually imprisoned for 10 years by the postwar Communist government while touring veterans of his pacifist songs became his fans around the world. Soa, 62, died in a Hanoi hospital, after battling diabetes.

Pregnant: Actress-director Jodie Foster, 38, is expecting her second child this November. She has not released the name of the baby's father. Foster has also kept secret the paternity of her first child, Charlie, now 2. The Yale grad has won two best-actress Oscars for her work in *The Accused* and *The Silence of the Lambs*.

Died: As chairman and editor-in-chief of *The Daily Telegraph*, Lord Harwell ran the British paper from a fifth-floor flat. Foster street complex with a rooftop garden and two balconies. In 1985, after 31 years in the business, Harwell ran into financial trouble and was forced to sell majority control to Conrad Black, the paper's current owner. Harwell, one of Britain's last press barons, died after a long illness, in London. He was 89.

Arrested: After a four-day disappearance from rehab, Danny Strawberry, 39, was apprehended at a Tampa Bay, Fla., hospital for violating his probation order. Two friends found Strawberry disoriented and beaten up at a gas station. They took him directly to St. Joseph's Hospital, where he tested positive for cocaine. The former New York Mets and Yankees star is currently receiving treatment for cocaine addiction.



Over to You Tim O'Driscoll

Doughnuts—door to door

It was 1963 in the Toronto suburbs of Willowdale. I was eight years old and hockey crazy. My new-to-me skills had not stunted my passion for the game. My dad would stand shovelling beside the boards of the public outdoor rink, watching me ride the bench in the Catholic Minor Hockey League. Of course, the Leafs were his heroes and their Blue Hen Cam Syrup phones plastered my bedroom walls in black and white. I had no idea that one of my most revered icons lived a mere three blocks away.

Back then, walkie-talkies and bike-athens had not yet been invented, so we raised funds the good old-fashioned way: by selling something the public could actually sink its teeth into. In my school's case, it was the annual doughnut drive—Margaret's Doughnuts, Inc. and doughy, choice of honey-glazed or chocolate-glazed, cheaper if you bought two-dozen or more.

Door to door I went, clipboard in hand. Although it was long ago, I can still smell the Gristleman Bread on the freshly minted order form. I sold dozens of doughnuts, hardly a seal turned me down. Was the irresistibility of my product or my sales pitch? "After all, mum, everybody loves doughnuts." My sheet was almost full, utility snail-mail almost empty, when I reached Wedgewood Drive with its two modern rows of look-alike bungalows. I went up the south side—no one home, no one home. The next house would be my last. I had already stretched my parents' limit of a two-block radius, and dinner would be on the table in 10 minutes.

I ring the doorbell and rehearsed my spiel while staring at the flutings on the screen door. The bed wove toward me, and my aunt and indelible memory is looking up from a large pair of fuzzy slippers to the main face peering down. I stood above spectators for what seemed an eternity, opening and closing my mouth

like a fish out of water. Collecting my composure, but still unable to go into doughnut-talk overload, I told him something he already knew. "Yep, that's me," he replied with a nod and a smile.

Having successfully submitted a report, I provided new information—that we shared our given name. I have a vague recollection of murmuring through my "Please-buy-some-doughnuts-to-help-my-school," apathy, and then a vivid one of him riding the clipboard from my hand. I had no way of comprehending the historical significance of the document he handed back to me. Flustered with pride from our first-name-basis foreboding, I flew home clutching the clipboard to my chest. Nobody got a word in edgewise in dinner.

The next morning before the bell, I grandly showed off the precious paper in the classroom, my teacher grumbled good-naturedly as she copied out my order on another sheet—no way would I let go of the form, no way was I giving up that *amazing* Doughnuts Delivery day could not come fast enough. But my return to Wedgewood Drive was anticlimactic—his wife answered the door. There I stood red-faced in my Maple Leafs sweater, as four school chums who had dodged my story nudged me from the street.

Fast-forward several years and several hundred franchises later, I wonder if the nudge at the door was his inspiration. ("After all, everybody loves doughnuts.") In frantic search, I've torn my father's basement apart, but it seems I've lost this unparalleled piece of Canadiana, the territory so flat that it is surely mine alone to claim. I told Tim Horton a dozen doughnuts.

Tim O'Driscoll lives in Burlington, Ont., without his level geography. Submissions may be sent to tim@timdriscoll.com or by faxed to (516) 386-7730. His column responds to all queries.

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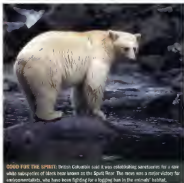
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Romanow's new mission

Ottawa has asked former Saskatchewan NDP premier Roy Romanow to head a national commission into the future of medicare. Romanow, a close friend of Prime Minister Jean Chrétien despite their differing party allegiances, has long defended Canadian public systems, and says he is against the private sector playing a bigger role. The 61-year-old ex-lawyer has until November 2002, to present his findings in the \$15-million inquiry. Most provinces and medical associations welcomed the review, but Quebec's Parti Québécois government called it a waste of time.

Boosting energy

The Prime Minister set up a high-powered cabinet committee on energy that he said would ensure Canada takes full advantage of opportunities continent-wide. "The United States needs Canadian energy," Chrétien told oil and gas executives in Calgary as he sought to patch up relations with a province that has only two Liberal MPs. The new committee is designed to speed up



GOOD FOR THE SPIRIT: British Columbia said it was establishing sanctuaries for a rare white subspecies of black bear known as the Spirit Bear. The bear was a major victory for environmentalists, who have been fighting for a logging ban in the animals' habitat.

proposals for new energy projects. Chrétien mentioned Muskett Valley gas and Alberta's oil sands.

Israel raises the stakes

Signalling a new stage in fighting, Israeli troops fired rockets near two Palestinian police stations and a power plant, knocking out electricity to thousands of

homes. The attack came after four Israeli concentrations were hit by Palestinian mortar fire. Israeli officials said they planned to step up retaliation.

A Royal scandal

RBC Dominion Securities Inc., Canada's biggest investment dealer, said it had alerted regulators and called in forensic accountants due to "suspicious" stock trading related to a number of mergers and acquisitions it was working on. The firm, an arm of the Royal Bank of Canada, gave few details, but regulators were quoted as suggesting that someone working at RBC tipped off outsiders about pending deals.

Doukhobors file suit

Forty-nine children of the Sons of Freedom Doukhobors, a Russian religious sect who came to Canada at the turn of the century, have launched a lawsuit against the B.C. government over their removal from their homes in the 1950s and confinement by provincial authorities in remote boarding schools. The



Canada on strike

A series of major labour battles disrupted life in much of the country. Vancouverites suffered through a transit strike by 3,360 employees, while

at other 2,000 transit workers questioned their welcome in Calgary. The Toronto District School Board said it would have to close all its schools soon if 13,000 support workers didn't return to work. One bright spot: nearly 19,000 public sector workers in Newfoundland went back to their jobs after a 13-day walkout.

more was designed to soothe the children of the Doukhobors after a long period of confinement with authorities that included arson and poison in the nude.

Big book sale

Toronto-based Chapters Inc. and Indigo's Books & Music Inc. will sell 23 stores in part of an agreement with the Competition Bureau to merge the two chains. Indigo founder Heather Reisman, who with husband Gerry Schwartz bought Chapters for \$121 million in February, also agreed that for five years the new chain would abide by a code of conduct, including faster payments to publishers, lower fees for in-store marketing and reduced book returns.

Eatons goes offline

Cutting poor sales and unprofitable marketing, Sears Canada Inc. is shutting down Eatons' catalogue and Internet sales sites. Toronto-based Sears, which bought its domestic rival in 1999, opened seven refurbished Eatons stores last November. Executives say they are curbing the marketing budget for the retailer while they work on a clearer strategy.

Death driver sentenced

Dutch truck driver Ferry Wisker, 32, was convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to 14 years in prison in the deaths of 58 Chinese immigrants who suffocated in the back of his vehicle on

June 19. The incident can horrify light on the international trafficking of humans when port officials in Dover, England, found the lifeless bodies packed with a shipment of oranges in a nearly airtight container.

Lumber war declared

A coalition of American timber interests officially started the latest Canada-U.S. softwood trade war by applying for duties of up to 76 per cent on imports of Canadian lumber. The U.S. commerce department and the U.S. In-

ternational Trade Commission will weigh the request, with a decision expected in late summer if no negotiated deal emerges.

Political roulette in Japan

With a growing economic crisis gripping the country, Japanese Prime Minister Yukio Hatoyama, 63, announced his resignation. "I think it is necessary to restore public trust," said Hatoyama. The country's 11th prime minister in 12 years, he was expected to be replaced by former prime minister Ryutaro Hashimoto, 63, a strong proponent of fiscal reform.

The pirate kings

Canadians are proportionally the world's biggest users of the Napster online music-sharing service, studied by the music industry as a cause of copyright piracy. Newswatch Japan Media Metro and its February survey of 15 wired countries showed 30 per cent of Canadians who use the Internet had downloaded songs from Napster, compared with 25 per cent in No. 2 Argentina and 16 per cent in the United States, which ranked fifth.

New rules for medical marijuana use

Ottawa unveiled regulations that will allow Canadians to use marijuana for medical purposes if they can meet strict conditions. The regulations, expected to take effect during the next few months, will permit patients who cannot grow marijuana themselves to designate a caregiver to make it for them.

Under the proposed system, medical patients and those suffering from AIDS, cancer, multiple sclerosis, severe arthritis and other conditions could use exemptions for legal marijuana use to relieve pain and other symptoms, including muscle spasms, nausea and seizures. To qualify, doctors will have to certify Ottawa that other approved treatments are ineffective cause problems for their patients. "It's a step in the right direction," said Hilary Black, co-director

of the Vancouver-based British Columbia Cannabis Club Society, which distributes marijuana to medical users. "But we don't see why bureaucrats have to be involved—a simple doctor's prescription for marijuana should be enough."

The new rules were drawn up last July after Ontario's Court of Appeal struck down the federal criminal law on marijuana because federal regulations rely too heavily on ministerial discretion. The court said unless Ottawa changed the law within a year, growing and possessing marijuana would come to be a crime in Ontario. Under the current process, 220 Canadians have exemptions for the medical use of marijuana. Federal officials declined to speculate about how many exemptions might be granted under the new rules.

Bush flies into trouble with China

The standoff between China and the United States over a downed reconnaissance plane continued after China declared U.S. President George W. Bush's expression of regret over the accident "unacceptable." According to the Americans, their EP-3E surveillance plane was on a routine mission over the South China Sea when a Chinese F-8 fighter clipped its wing, forcing the American pilot to make an emergency landing on southern Hainan

Island. All 24 military personnel onboard were unharmed. U.S. officials visited them three times, but they remained in custody. Chinese pilot Wang Wei, who ejected after the tail of his jet was clipped by an EP-3E propeller, was missing. In recent months, Wang had flown so close to U.S. surveillance planes that he had been clearly photographed.



HEAVY REGRET:

SUMMIT FOR SALE

Special Report

By Julian Heltman

It's everywhere—product placement in movies and television shows, corporate logos at hockey games and cultural events. At the Olympics, companies compete for a chance at the exposure that the ubiquitous "official" designation, tacked onto everything from automobiles to dairy products, brings. But government-run events? In fact, over the past 20 years, corporate sponsorship has become an increasing presence at such gatherings. The April 20 to 22 Summit of the Americas in Quebec City will be no different, with more than a dozen Canadian firms paying anywhere from \$75,000 to more than \$500,000 for exposure. And that has left some critics wondering whether the government-business relationship is getting way too cozy. "What on earth is next?" asks NDP Leader Alexa McDonough. "Is the Prime Minister going to pull the Maple Leaf down from the Fraser Tower and replace it with a McDonough flag?"

The question is only partially sarcastic. McDonough and others opposed to the hemisphere-free-trade talks point out that by bestowing special insider status on corporations, the federal government is showing favoritism to only one point of view. While business resources from the Bank of Nova Scotia, Alcan, Bombardier, Doreur and others get to rub shoulders with the 34 heads of government attending, demonstrators are being kept out of the old ballroom's 3.8-km chain-link fence and a cordon of police. It's a tad uneasy, says Duff Cochrane, co-ordinator for Democracy Watch, a citizen's advocacy group



"Corruption sense tells you what the government is really selling in access for cash," he notes.

By that reckoning, corporations may be getting a poor return on their investment. The Bank of Nova Scotia is laying out \$500,000 for the privilege of being named one of the lead sponsors, which gets them top billing in signage and at a key sold event—the Prime Minister's luncheon. Yet Scotiabank's chairman and chief executive officer Peter Godwin is not permitted even to address delegates at the gala. As well, corporate officials are excluded from leaders' negotiating sessions, says Henry Storgard, the vice-president of sponsorship with GPC International, a government and public relations consulting firm from the Liberal government hired to sign up sponsors for Quebec City.

The closest any sponsors can get to making a pitch to the government heads—what GPC advertises as "a potential speaking opportunity"—is at socials, where some leaders and cabinet ministers may be in attendance. Among other sponsorship benefits, according to a GPC brochure, on-site exhibit space; invitations to "networking events"; brand identification on canteen and banners; and a "certificate of appreciation from the Prime Minister of Canada."

According to some business officials, the prestige of being associated with a large international event will worth the price. Cisco Systems Canada Co., which is installing about \$1.2 million worth of technological gear for the media centre, says it is more interested in showing off its state-of-the-art Internet phone system to an international gathering of journalists than bamboozling politicians. "Access to the leaders is not why we're there," says Cisco spokeswoman Willy Black. "Our president is not even going."

Although General Motors of Canada is not a sponsor in Quebec City, it considers its presence at the 1997 APEC summit in Vancouver to have been a worthwhile promotion of its vehicles and brand. Networking does go on at summits, says spokeswoman Sonya Lee, but it occurs more often with other corporate executives than with world leaders. "They tend to be by-chance opportunities and often you have no control over who you meet," Low told *Maclean's*.

As for the federal government, corporate sponsorship is simply money in the pocket. Prime Minister Jean Chrétien told the House earlier this month. "While sharing the cost, so I don't apologize when I have money for the Canadian taxpayers," he said, bringing an Opposition allegation that the government was selling access. In fact, a sizable portion of the costs for staging an international summit can be recovered from the sale of sponsorships. The 1999 Eurosummit summit in Montreal, N.B., cost Ottawa \$9.2 million—including security—of which \$4.7 million was raised from corporations. Although the government has not finalized the cost for hosting the Quebec City summit, Storgard estimates the sponsorship program will net about \$4.5 million.

So why all the fuss about sponsorship if



Corporations are paying as much as \$500,000 for a profile at the Quebec City meeting

access to leaders is so limited? Part of the controversy, says Marc Lortie, the Prime Minister's personal representative for the summit, stems from the rising scrutiny that international conferences now attract. Lortie says corporations have participated at summits in Canada since at least 1981, when Canada hosted the Group of Seven meetings in Montebello, Que. The practice has been going on ever longer in other countries, he added. But in the past, corporate presence was less prevalent, he notes, even at democratic events. If they occurred at all, were smaller too.

The 1999 World Trade Organization meetings in Seattle, where thousands of protesters fought blacked-out not police outside the conference centre, changed all that. Ever since, international conferences, particularly those dealing with trade, have become battlegrounds between insiders—governments and corporations that favour liberalized trade—and those who feel

excluded and fear the globalization agenda will undermine worker rights, the environment and other such causes. In Quebec City, organizers are anticipating as many as 30,000 demonstrators, most of them suspicious of the deep corporate interests have on governments. "That is the major difference we're seeing today," Lortie says. "Now, international summits attract demonstrations from those who feel excluded from the process."

Still, even supporters of corporate sponsorship worry that the practice is open to abuse. Progressive Conservative Leader Joe Clark says he can't recall corporate sponsors being so visible when he was external affairs minister from 1984 to 1991. "I think the time has come to set down some rules," he says, governing what corporations can and cannot do at international summits. For instance, Clark believes corporate executives would have been permitted to address leaders in Quebec City if the issue hadn't been raised in the House last month. But Eric Pollock, a spokesman for the department of foreign affairs and international trade, says there is no need for new rules since corporate behaviour is already guided by the summit sponsorship contract corporations sign. For instance, he says, the government limits access to leaders and will ensure that corporate banners do not visually dominate the conference centre. "It'll be done tastefully," he says. "We're not talking about the Atlanta Olympics here."

The irony, Lortie claims, is that even groups that complain about the over-commercialization of international summits may have come to view sponsorship as the price of doing business. Organisms of the April 16 to 20 People's Summit, which will attract more than 10,000 opponents of the official conference, also were looking for sponsors to pay for their events, he notes. They came to the federal government—which dropped in \$900,000 to help stage a rally that whose main purpose is to demand its own summit. There's less in that, Lortie says, money doesn't necessarily buy influence. Those corporations shelling out funds for a chance at summit visibility might not necessarily agree. ■

Erecting the barricades for world-leader spouses, money moves special insider status

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*Free trade
and jobs can
an agreement
help Peruvian
shantytown?*

Special Report

The Honest Broker

By Wilson R. Rife

With the Summit of the Americas in Quebec City looming, the people of Latin America are looking north to Canada for help.

The main issue on the agenda at the 34-nation meeting is the approval of the working draft of the Free Trade Area of the Americas (FTAA), a blueprint for a trade zone stretching from the Arctic to Chile. And when the summit gets under way on April 20, many Latin leaders want Canada to take a prominent role in the talks—by blurring the impact of powerful U.S. negotiators whom they deeply mistrust. They are also backing the Canadian-sponsored "democracy clause," which would prohibit underdeveloped regions. "When it comes to trade, Canada is truly a world

power," said Ernesto Gomez, director of the Latin American Trade Council in Caracas. "Canadian seriousness and far-sighted negotiators."

Throughout Central and South America there has been a burst of activity in preparation for Quebec City.

Latin America wants Canada's help in Quebec City

In Lima, at the headquarters of the Andean community—a customs union made up of Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Bolivia and Peru—trade ministers recently met to hammer out a common position they plan to present at the summit. Despite strong economic growth, the jobless rate in Latin

America has still soared to an unofficial rate of almost 20 per cent—a 10-year high. And even as the minister talked, outside the imposing aluminium-and-glass office tower street vendors, beggars and people hawking products of every type were a sad reminder of the growing gap between Latin America's rich and poor.

On a busy street corner nearby, 52-year-old Rosa Delgado sold plastic containers. She had been on the street since 8 a.m., by 11 a.m., she had earned less than a dollar. "I wonder when I'll be able to take it easy for a bit and enjoy life without worrying about tomorrow," said Delgado with an air of resignation. To help people like Delgado, Ecuadorian Trade Minister Roberto Pena Durazo says, it is crucial to move ahead with the FTAA, which he believes could create more jobs by ex-

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pending trade. "The sooner we can get a free-trade agreement the better," he said. "If it's going to be a fair deal for everybody, we're ready to go."

But many Latin leaders deeply distrust American intentions at the summit. Their suspicions have only deepened since the election of President George W. Bush and his repeated statements that his foreign trade policy will be based purely on American self-interest. Bush's America-first stance has already drawn criticism from many countries, including Mexico and Argentina, where officials believe the United States will demand unfettered access to southern markets while not fully reciprocating. "It's not so important when, but how we are going to have this common market," said Heize Moelet, Ecuador's foreign minister. "Are we really talking seriously about free trade? Is free trade a two-way road between north and south?"

The growing Latin American mistrust of Washington has allowed Canada to emerge as an honest broker. At the peak of the Cold War, the people of many Latin American countries suffered under anti-Communist military dictators supported by Washington. But to a large degree, Canada stood apart, not joining the Americans in their attempts to undermine revolutions waged by groups like the Nicaraguan Sandinistas in the early 1980s. "The relationship between the United States and some Latin American countries is quite different from Canada," said Sebastian Theodor, a spokesman for International Trade Minister Pierre Pettigrew. "We were the first country to open up trade with Latin America, and when they sign a trade deal with us it goes through credibility."

Many Latin American countries hope Canada will act as an intermediary in their disputes with the United States. But unlike the Cold War period, when Latin America was polarized between left and right, today a rising middle class is seeking answers to social and economic problems through the

deployment of new technology and expanded trade. "Our priority is not to be left behind in the new knowledge-based economy," says Costa Rican President Miguel Ángel Rodríguez.

So the main goal of the Latin American negotiations at the Quebec summit will be to secure jobs for their people. And in a region where corruption and violence continue to wreak havoc,

even the Quebec City summit represents more than just corporate interests. "Never before in a Summit of the Americas have people been actively encouraged to take part in peaceful protests," says José Espinosa, president of the Ecuador-based World Council of Indigenous Peoples. Espinosa curts a front-page story in a local newspaper describing how Montreal's Concordia

Many southern leaders distrust U.S. intentions and Bush's America-first policy



Coffee time: 'Is free trade a two-way road between north and south?' asks one minister

Canada's proposal to include the democracy clause in an FTA is gaining wide support. But a major dispute could yet emerge over Ottawa's determination to include environmental and labour regulations, such as the unfettered right to form trade unions, in the FTA agreement. While Canada may want such issues set out as trade law, many Latin American countries want them included only as guiding principles. "We can accept including these issues, but only in the preamble of an agreement," says José Alfredo Góes Lima, one of the main Brazilian negotiators. "They cannot become trade rules and disciplines."

Some Latin Americans are also encouraged by the hundreds of Canadian citizens who are attempting to make

University will allow its students to participate in three final exams if they wish to take part in protests. "That," says Espinosa, "is an example of democracy at work."

Labour leaders in the region are also encouraged by Ottawa's decision to spend \$300,000 to support dissenting groups, including the national Council of Canadians, which will take part in what is being billed as the People's Summit at Quebec City (Quebec is giving another \$200,000). "The official Canadian assistance to dissidents gives credibility to Canada's democracy clause," says Enrique Jurado, a spokesman for the Latin American Federation of Trade Unions. It may also help Canada emerge as the honest broker in the summit it is hosting. ■

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On the Issues

Mary Janigan

Wake up, corporate Canada

In the beginning, as in first hearings barely commenced in Ottawa two months ago, the fledgling Canadian Democracy and Corporate Accountability Commission needed 1,000 letters to large Canadian firms. It would turn out to be a quorum gesture. The commission posed as tough questions to harried executives about how Canada should control corporate behaviour at home and abroad. Essentially, it asked if a firm's prime duty was to make money for shareholders—or if it had a broader social responsibility to such stakeholders as its customers and its community. *Not a single company replied.* “We hoped we would be able to interest them in supporting our endeavor,” says an experienced commission co-chairman Arie Ben-Ner, chairman of publisher McClelland & Stewart Inc. “I think, in self-interest, they should.”

That is an understatement. Executives may dismiss the commission as simply another noisy chapter in the never-ending debate over a corporation's role in Canadian society. But they have missed the point: that debate has changed as radically and as rapidly as the globalizing world of the 21st century. In Quebec City this month, 36 members of the Western Hemisphere will discuss the creation of a Free Trade Area of the Americas that would include investment protection. Meanwhile, the 148-nation World Trade Organization is attempting to kick-start a round of talks on investment policy.

In response, global activists argue that governments are extending rights with thoughtless abandon to corporations—without imposing responsibilities in exchange. “Free trade will be a vicious spiral: dismantling of corporations abusing countries and communities if we do not have legal requirements that corporations act responsibly,” says Duff Coates, co-ordinator of Ottawa-based Democracy Watch. “And the only way to get those requirements is to change the law.”

In effect, the commission, which is funded by three private foundations, is on the leading edge of today's trade wars. It is exploring whether federal laws should ensure that Canadian firms behave responsibly abroad. Should Ottawa, for example, curb the activities of Calgary-based Talisman Energy Inc.,

which has controversial oil-production operations in war-torn Iraq? Or should nations work together to develop an international corporate code? “We are trying to bridge the gap between unqualified opposition to global trade and small-conservation on the corporate side that says we don't have to do anything,” says commission co-chairman and former New Democratic Party leader Ed Broadbent. “We want reforms that make human rights and trade compatible, instead of seeing them in opposition.”

Special Report



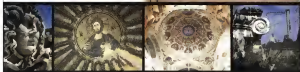
Broadbent urges business reform

Whether CEOs like it or not, they must heed the calls for social responsibility

alone to police firms abroad. If governments can also decide to protect citizens who invest in other countries, they surely have the right to insist that those investors respect basic labour and environmental standards—even if the host nation does not enforce them. Given the mounting opposition to free trade, such compliance may be a precondition of further pacts. “We are creating organizations in law which operate overseas outside Canadian laws,” says Leonard Brookes, executive director of the University of Toronto's Clarkson Centre for Business Ethics. “These ought to be some residual responsibility in Canada when the system is not operating in those other countries.” The current commission may take only the first tiny step towards such laws. But Canadian companies should wake up—and join the debate.

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SANCTUARY

Lu is facing arrest if she slips off church property

By Catherine Roberts

On a Monday afternoon, Calvary Bible Church, an unassuming brick building in an old residential section of Kingston, Ont., is quiet. Inside, down the hallway with the framed maps of the Ten Commandments on the walls, two women sit at a table piecing together a gigantic jigsaw puzzle. One is lithe, a rudely jovial homesickie. The other, the church's most famous parishioner—

to her employer, to some members of the local police force and Kingston MP Peter Milliken, the Speaker of the House of Commons. Her lawyer is Toronto-based Stephen LeDrew, who is also president of the Liberal Party of Canada. But it would be wrong to suggest Lu is on the side of the mighty Opposing her is Immigration Minister Elmer Caplan, who has so far ignored public pleas to have Lu's case reviewed

thoroughly to the courts, Lu has sought, and been granted, sanctuary by her adopted congregation—a practice as old as Moses, according to the Bible, and codified as far back as the fifth century AD, when Roman law guaranteed that churches could provide refuge, even for criminals.

For those evading the law, sanctuary was essentially limited by the major European powers in the 1700s. But in the past 25 years, there has been a revival of the asylum movement in North America and Europe, especially as it relates to refugees from repressive regimes. Some authorities have reacted strongly. The U.S. government prosecuted asylum providers in the mid-1980s. And in one of the more celebrated incidents, British authorities used sledgehammers to break down the door of an Anglican Church sanctuary in January, 1989, and turf 5m Lankan Veng Minda from the country.

The Canadian government has never gone to these extremes, though it claims the right to do so. As a result, perhaps, Canadian churches have passed resolutions in recent years reaffirming the

An ancient right takes on new purpose as a congregation befriends a convicted killer

some would say prisoner—is Lucy Lu, a convicted murderer. “I’ll wait by myself,” says Lu in halting English. “It would be very hard. I couldn’t do anything without the people of the church.”

Since Nov. 21, the 45-year-old Lu, in defiance of a deportation order to China, has found sanctuary in this modest church. The list of her supporters is impressive: everyone from her new husband of six months, Daryl Gellies,

And Immigration Canada has made it clear that the moment Lu steps off church property, she will be arrested.

Caplan's position may be unassailable: a loaded immigrant convicted of a serious offence—Lu pleaded guilty to killing her husband in Toronto—is not eligible for Canadian citizenship. But not all cases are what they seem. And while her lawyers appeal her conviction and her residence by immigration au-



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right of asylum, particularly for refugees who have been denied immigrant status or due process under an increasingly tough-minded evaluation system. The United Church of Canada, for one, has even published a booklet for congregations facing sanctuary requests. It warns that sanctuary providers can face imprisonment themselves for helping people avoid deportation. But it also suggests that if congregations do offer asylum, they should organize political support and other community events to "put a human face" on the cause. "Most churches don't believe they are breaking the law when they offer asylum," says Rev. Chris Ferguson, a United Church theologian. "Instead, it's an appeal to a tradition that says justice and the law can meet only when there is a moral dimension."

In that context, Lu's story is not without complications. In 1984, she married He Zhang Zhao, a factory worker in China's Guangdong province, and moved to Toronto. Ten months later, Zhao was found in a snowbank outside the couple's Chinatown apartment, killed with a meat cleaver. Police reports say the 27-year-old was struck 14 times in the head as he slept, he was then



Kingston Calvary Bible Church is involved in a tug-of-war with Immigration

months before being released to a halfway house on day parole. While incarcerated, she met Bob Hawkins, a 68-year-old lay preacher at Calvary Bible Church and a very successful shoe salesman. At his wife's urging, Lu came to work at their store, Shuler's Shoes, once she made parole. She became so popular that customers gave her tips. "I've been in business for 40 years, and I've never seen anything like it," says Hawkins, banking into trust. "She was a tremendous employee."

But so her life in Kingston took shape—moving from the halfway house to her own apartment and then

her first husband's death. And that, according to Winnipeg immigration lawyer David Matus, is a real possibility. "China has such a poor human-rights record," says Matus. "Can you really trust it?" In January, 2000, Canadian officials deported former bank accountant Fung Yung after he had been accused of embezzling 1.6 million yuan (\$300,000) in China in 1990. Fung sought asylum in Canada, but his plea was rejected. Beijing had promised the Canadian government that the 36-year-old would be given no more than a 10-year prison term. However, Amnesty International says Fung was executed six months after his return. (Canadian officials say they believe he is still alive.)

Lu's Toronto lawyers are now fighting to have the federal court direct the Immigration Appeal Board to reopen her case, arguing that the passage of time, the confusion surrounding her convictions, and her new family and community roots in Canada should be the prime determinants of her fate. In the meantime, Lu and Gellner use their life together in confined to one small room. They have taken up residence in the Calvary Baptist Church, converting a nursery into an apartment that contains a kitchen, a television and an exercise bike. While Gellner goes off to work every day, at least two or three church members show up to keep Lu company. Matus also demands each day by members of the church or local restaurants. "At least it's not prison," Lu says. It is also not the new Canadian life she had seen tentatively open to her, just a few short months ago. ☐

Tried on three separate occasions, Lu says she never understood what she was admitting to

drained and carried down three flights of stairs before being dumped outside. The killer, police believe, was the diminutive Lucy Lu. Zhao's blood was found on the building's stairwell, and on a blanket in the basement.

Lu was charged with first-degree murder, passed from one legal-aid lawyer to another (six in all) and tried three separate times. The first trial, in 1987, ended in a hung jury; the second, a year later, in a mistrial. At her third trial, Lu entered into a plea bargain on the lesser charge of manslaughter and was sentenced to 10 years in prison (She says she signed under duress and because she didn't understand English.)

In 1989, Lu entered Kingston's Prison for Women, where she spent 19

months before being released to a halfway house on day parole. While incarcerated, she met Bob Hawkins, a 68-year-old lay preacher at Calvary Bible Church and a very successful shoe salesman. At his wife's urging, Lu came to work at their store, Shuler's Shoes, once she made parole. She became so popular that customers gave her tips. "I've been in business for 40 years, and I've never seen anything like it," says Hawkins, banking into trust. "She was a tremendous employee."

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A deadly legacy

The city's infamous tar ponds still await cleanup

Eric Beahy, an affable, 68-year-old newscaster, likes to take visitors for a spin through his neighbourhood, Sydney's working-class Whitney Pier. It is not the kind of tour the Nova Scotia department of tourism and culture promotes on ruggedly scenic Cape Breton Island. Within the space of two blocks, Beahy recals off dozens of names of people who once lived in the shadow of Sydney's now-dormant steel mills and coke ovens—and have since died from cancer or heart disease. They were not strangers, these. Beahy points out, is where his old pal Charlie lived, the place where his buddy Willy grew up, and the homes where his childhood crones Fraser and Alex resided before cancer took their lives. He drives by the house where his first wife, Lorraine, died from the disease in 1995, son born, and the small home where his current wife, Peggy—who contracted cervical cancer in 1974 and lost her first husband, Harry, to cancer a decade ago—grew up. Then Beahy arrives at the spot where he once lived with his family before cancer claimed his father, Frank. "I've been a publicist as too many funerals," Beahy says flatly. "How many more generations are going to suffer because of what has happened here?"

The calm tone cannot hide his frustration—a feeling he shares with many of

the 35,000 residents who have been waiting nearly 20 years for the so-called tar ponds to be removed from their midst. Five years after Ottawa, the province of Nova Scotia and the Cape Breton Regional Municipality signed an agreement in principle to clean up Canada's most notorious toxic waste site, a chain-link fence girdling the black, ominous-looking gloop of the tar ponds and the black, charred stacks of the coke ovens is the only tangible sign of progress. And on March 28, business from the three levels of government said it will be at least 2004 before any cleanup will begin. That means some 700,000 tonnes of toxic waste, including 40,000 tonnes of polynuclear by-products, will continue to pollute the 120-hectare site in the centre of the city that with the Joint Action Group (JAG)—a citizen-based local action organization that is supposed to find solutions to Sydney's uranium pollution problems—meets in informal biweekly, often but-for-these rounded optimism.

On March 12, John Morgan, mayor of the Cape Breton Regional Municipality, which includes Sydney and the surrounding industrial towns, warned JAG it has to be creatively revamped or it can forget about further financial support from the city when its mandate expires in 2002. "This process," Morgan

told Montreal, "has been an abject failure." Not so, maintains JAG chairman Dan Fraser, who says the notion the group has little to show for five years and \$62 million in funding is preposterous rather than reality. "They don't see the bulldozers on the site so they think nothing is going on," declares Fraser. "If you look at what we have to do, we are working at lightning speed."

Expectations were high when the group was struck in 1996 after Ottawa awarded \$55 million of taxpayers' money on a failed scheme to burn the tar ponds offsite in an incinerator. Since then, Fraser points out, JAG has hired a consultant to determine the extent of the contamination, formed a series of working groups to examine everything from how to keep people away from the tar ponds to limiting air pollution during cleanup, and at shortened 14-consultant to secure samples of the tar gloop to determine which one has the best technology for destroying it.

Still, it is a surprise the people of Sydney are anxious. Scientists at Dalhousie University in Halifax released a study in 1998 showing that they had an almost 50 per cent higher risk of developing cancer than people elsewhere in Nova Scotia—which itself has the highest incidence of cancer in Canada. Health Canada and the Nova Scotia Cancer Registry are midway through a three-year study to determine whether what most Sydney residents have long suspected—that there is a link between the town's contamination, air, water and soil and its cancer rates—is a true

fact. For the residents of Whitney Pier, even statistics barely begin to describe their lives. Ann Ross, 41, who lives in a small house adjacent to the old coke ovens, suffers from headaches, nausea, skin rashes and rashes. Her 15-year-old daughter, Lindsay, goes to night school and frequent nosebleeds. Ross, who works for the provincial government, isn't sure whether to blame the tank at that corner the neighbourhood when the wind blows the wrong way or the orange warning that comes into her house more in concentrations four times above federal levels. "All I know," she says, "is the clock is ticking for all of us around here."

John DeMont



Bill Connolly arrived in came home in his hometown, 90

Canada History

Maritime mystery

By Sue Ferguson

Ed Stewart still vividly remembers that sunny Sunday morning in April of 1944 as he sat at the breakfast table with his family in Hamilton. They were laughing, as were families then did, to the war news on the radio. A somber voice delivered the devastating bulletin: the Germans had sunk the Canadian destroyer HMCS Athabaskan, and at nearly 264 men—including his signalman brother, Bill—may have perished in the cold waters

beside what the men onboard Athabaskan endured in the early hours of April 29. Canadian naval historian Michael Whitty calls the incident "the saddest moment in Canadian naval history." It was also, he adds, the navy's most significant wartime loss. Of the 128 men who died, few were more than 25 years old. The captain, Lt.-Col. John Sudds from Victoria, was just 31. The tragic tale of those deaths, and nagging suspicions that friendly fire sunk the ship, is the subject of a recent documentary, *Unlucky Lady: The Life & Death of HMCS Athabaskan*, to be broadcast on History television on April 11 and 15.

To all appearances, HMCS Athabaskan was invulnerable. A Tribal-class destroyer, it boasted state-of-the-art radar equipment and formidable weaponry. It had, in fact, survived a German bombing raid as it was being built in a British shipyard. But Athabaskan's short life began under a cloud. It was originally to be christened HMCS Iniquity, but the authorities changed its name before it ever left its moorings in February 1943.

Changing a ship's name is one of the worst omens in sailor folklore, and that inauspicious beginning, recalls survivor Bill

Was Canada's worst wartime naval disaster a result of friendly fire?

A few blocks away, Vi Connolly, whose husband was also a signalman on the Athabaskan, learned of the sinking later that morning. Arriving home from church, the 21-year-old neophyte married a call from a friend, "Mr. Connolly," and the voice on the end of the line, "the ship went down." Connolly remembers not her own but her mother-in-law's reaction: "She had her arms around me and said, 'My Bill is OK.'" In a bitter-sweet turn of events, both maternal intuitions proved prophetic.

The heartick anticipation of those at home, however, pales



Veterans suspect the disaster's real cause has been hidden

Connolly, "really bothered some of the men." Now 80, Connolly also remembers well sailing to the English Channel in advance of the June 6, 1944, D-Day invasion. Action in the Channel was intense. The ship was constantly within range of enemy fire from northern France, and on one occasion, it helped to sink a German destroyer. Nevertheless, Connolly's friend Bill Stewart was optimistic. "Don't ever think of giving up, Mom," he wrote that spring. "I will be home, but it rather looks as though they have one more job before granting leave."

On the evening of April 28, *Atahualpa* set out with its sister vessel HMCS *Haida* to protect a Royal Navy mine-laying force. By 3 a.m., the *Atahualpa* began pursuing two German destroyers, T-24 and T-27, 20 km off the French coast. In response, one hour later, the Canadians opened fire. The Germans responded by launching nine torpedoes; eight missed their mark, but the first one scored through *Atahualpa*. Connolly, who was manning the secondary signal, was thrown about eight metres through the air. He landed head on the iron deck, passing out briefly. Stubbs issued an order to prepare to abandon ship but, sadly, the command was superfluous. A second explosion blew the stern off, catapulting the captain. Connolly and about half the crew into the water. Stewart probably among them. Those trapped below deck went down with the ship.

Haida swung into action. While the T-24 escaped, *Haida* dove a barrage T-27 onto the French shore before turning back to pick up 42 *Atahualpa* survivors from the oily brine. With daylight approaching, however, the rescuers were forced to abandon other possible survivors remaining in the water.

Connolly, held aloft by his life jacket, was just a second from being taken by *Haida* when it turned and slipped off into the night. "That was," he says softly, "a real sinking feeling." The next five hours, recalls Connolly, were excruciating. Moving constantly to prevent drifting off to sleep, he watched helplessly as many of his shipmates around him succumbed. "But," he intones, "I never had a fear that I was going to die."

His strength of will not only pulled Connolly through those torturous hours, it also sustained him in the months



Stewart (right), with former-sister-in-law Claude Lemieux shortly before the invasion, died in the cold water.

that followed. Picked up by a German minesweeper, he endured a staged firing squad (in a lesson in the potential consequences of escaping), 61 days in solitary confinement and another 10 months in a German prison-of-war camp. A Scottish tugboat liberated him on May 5, 1945.

Others were less fortunate. In the days following the sinking, 91 bodies drifted onto Brittany's shores. Frenchmen in nine different villages buried them. Some still tend those graves today. When Connolly and his wife visited one of the cemeteries for the first time in 1976, they were overcome. "We just fell on our knees and cried like babies," says Yi.

The same depth of emotion is evident among the 10 survivors who appear in *Deliver Us This Victory*. During the filming, producer-director Wayne Abbott discovered another dimension to those feelings: the veterans' nagging suspicions that the cause of the disaster has been hidden. At issue is the source of the second explosion. A British Royal Navy inquiry held three days after *Atahualpa* sank determined that the German torpedo hit one of the ship's dead gunnery, unleashing fuel that travelled farther astern. The fact, according to the inquiry, came into contact with some of the ship's ammunition, causing that second massive explosion.

Yet there is another possibility. Lt. Col. Peter Dixon, vice-commander of *Haida* (now a floating museum at Ontario Place in Toronto), suggests friendly fire from one of two British motor torpedo boats on the mine-laying expedition caused the second explosion. After the first explosion, Stubbs ordered a round of flares to be fired. The motor torpedo boat, argues Dixon, mistook the flares for enemy fire and in response released a round of small-arms fire, followed by a torpedo.

That British torpedo, claims Dixon, sank *Atahualpa*. His evidence during the official line includes eyewitness accounts of the small-arms fire and second torpedo, radar echoes indicating an unexplained vessel in the area and what he says is a mysteriously incomplete torpedo boat log. But historian Whitby and the British navy have examined Dixon's case and remain unconvinced. "It is totally implausible," says Whitby, whose research they focus on *Tribal* action in the English Channel. "The real story is simply that *Atahualpa* sank."

For the survivors, however, the story is clearly about more than that. Abbott, who spent one week with the veterans in Brittany writing, gave this, says that Dixon's claim "was the central bit of conversation. They all believe it was friendly fire." As the more compelling evidence lies at the bottom of the English Channel, the truth only remains in a watery grave. ■



WHO'LL BE THE HERO TONIGHT?

Bob Nystrom. Claude Lemieux. Patrick Roy. And last year? Jason Arnott. Every year, the NHL Playoffs produce incredible games and unlikely heroes. Now it's time for new heroes to emerge. Who will step into the spotlight? Go "Cup Crazy" with Sportsnet beginning April 11th.



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NHL Playoffs: Round One



SHOW ME
THE MONEY
Wells on the
gravel for funds
in Toronto

Hard Times for Start-ups

The market meltdown has made investors skittish about new ventures

By Amy Cameron

Five minutes. All he has is five minutes to pitch his product. "I'm Dr. Michael Wells and I am the CEO of Previa Incorporated," he begins. Standing in a spotlight's glare on the Second City Theatre stage in Toronto, Wells is at a boot camp for start-up companies. His audience is made up of 100 hungry entrepreneurs and, hidden in the shadows of the stage, four people with buckets of money. Known as angel investors, these four are listening to the doctor's pitch and will judge him on his presentation.

Wells tumbles out of Wells is the first to explain two dif-

ferent technologies he believes will revolutionize the world of medicine. He talks about biotechnology and cardiovascular disease. The angels look confused and impatient in equal measure. "Diagnostic candidate," mutters Wells. "Inhibit biochemical pathways... oral delivery system." Four minutes. Wells is leaving them. He hasn't said how much money he needs. The entrepreneurs, however, pick up on his dithering. "If you are patient, if you want to make money and if you want to help people, consider my company. Who knows? It may someday save your life."

Later, in their assessment, the angels are to the point. Wells' expertise has convinced them to make him winner of the contest—but they didn't understand a word. This is part of why Wells—even with a PhD in blood physiology, an MBA and experience in the pharmaceutical industry—shelled out \$495 to attend a two-day workshop on finding funding for new ventures. And learning the perfect pitch is a reality for entre-

preneurs looking for money in this new world of living risktakers and cautious investors. Yes, there is money out there. But only by convincing angels or venture-capital firms—and armed with a rock-solid business plan—can one pry open the investor's wallet. "People thought they could think of something on Sunday night and get \$10 million by Wednesday," explains Brian MacDonald, executive vice-president of Venustec/Dove Inc., the Toronto venture-capital network company hosting the boot camp. "Now we have to say to entrepreneurs, you are not worth that kind of money."

Little more than a year ago, it was still tally season in the start-up world. A dot-com idea scribbled on a napkin would net millions from eager investors hoping for sky-high profits when the situation is company goes public. "What we saw last year was a philosophy to go big or go home, and go big, fast," says Michael Corcoran, founder of CanadaStartups.org, a Toronto-based online resource for entrepreneurs. And Canada certainly went big. Despite market turmoil and several reverses, venture-capital investments in Canada grew 133 per cent last year, to \$6.3 billion, in 2000 from \$2.7 billion in 1999. According to the Canadian Venture Capital Association (CVCA) survey of 132 venture-capital companies, money invested in Canadian companies increased by 90 per cent in the last quarter of 2000, while decreasing in the United States by 30 per cent.

But investors have sobered up. There is still an shortage of attractive new companies being created in Canada. "The an-

Unusually, the raised \$400,000 in two money shots from 27 friends and family members. But while her product is now in 14 countries, has won 10 awards and made \$110,000 for EEP in its second year, Beausoleil's core party doesn't fall neatly into any funding category. She needs \$2 million to take it to the next stage, and after two years spent looking for angels or venture capitalists, Beausoleil is resigned to finding a patient company to swallow up her brainchild.

Beausoleil believes the problem is that she is breaking new ground. "We don't fit under the flavor of the day even though we are a warm and fuzzy investment," says the 36-year-old Beausoleil. "We need to keep our feet on the ground." It is a sentiment echoed by entrepreneurs across the country. Philippe Lefebvre, a 25-year-old computer engineer, co-founded Korea Software Inc. in Montreal last May to produce a sophisticated domestic voicemail system. "The thing that is frustrating is that we just need money," he says. "It is harder and harder to get and it is the only thing stopping us. We're spending 130 per cent of our time trying to find money."

So what about it, venture capitalists? "It is a harder to raise money," answers John Eckert, managing partner at McLean Venture Capital Inc. and head of the CVCA. "But it is not that they are being pickier." In fact, industry players agree that this period of downturn can only be good in the long run. True, the pot of gold is longer, but it is smaller and the amount of equity that new companies have to give up is greater. But, explains Steve Wells, founding partner of Calgary-based eMedico Capital Inc., "it is taken a superior project to be able to attract money these days because there is a flight to quality." In short, it is a buyer's market. "But take heart," adds Eckert. "If the business is good and you have got the right management team, keep playing away. You'll find the money."

Not that start-ups are disappearing. University and college students for entrepreneurs are brimming with new ideas, while boot camps and networking opportunities are gaining in popularity. Peter Dey, who manages the Canadian Science and Technology Growth Fund Inc., says that by noon on a given day he will have spoken to five start-up companies. "Entrepreneurism is a pretty healthy life," he chides. "You have to hit three out of the head every time before they don't get up off the mat."

Wasting out of his home in Guelph, Ont., Dr. Michael Wells is trying to drum up \$2.5 million for Previa. His pursuit, who developed the technology, doesn't want to leave the security of his university research job, so Wells knew he had to risk it. "To have went by, I became more and more unhappy," he says of his previous work in pharmaceuticals. And though he still needs to polish his pitch, Wells adds, in true entrepreneur and futurist, "I'm not disillusioned yet." ■

HOW TO WIN OVER THE ANGELS

Venture investors' advice for start-ups:

- ✓ **GO BACK TO BASICS.** A detailed and reasoned business plan is crucial. Think profitability and a competitive advantage that can't be lost, not just market share.
- ✓ **WORK WITH THE BEST.** Investors want to see a strong management team with creativity, business flexibility and a deep understanding of your market.
- ✓ **GET REAL.** Operate on a regular business with real clients and an actual product, not a fancy idea without start-up.
- ✓ **PERFECT YOUR PITCH.** When you meet investors, make sure you are thorough, thoughtful and articulate. Don't clearly and be straightforward. Don't forget to ask for a specific amount of money.
- ✓ **STICK CLOSE TO HOME.** Angel investors generally look to the same industry and region that they live in.
- ✓ **TIGHTEN YOUR BELT.** Stretch what money you have as far as you can.
- ✓ **BE PERSISTENT.**



The Street
Deirdre McMurdy

A fond farewell

Every once in a while, the universe sends us a clear signal that it's time to re-evaluate our lives. For a business writer, such a sign might come from the prospect of covering another outbreak of hostilities in the ongoing, unending lumber trade war between Canada and the United States. Exposure to even one pound of rhetoric and recrimination over sawnlogs and studs is enough to lay anyone to rest. Alternatively, the signal might be coincidental with the arrival of yet another economic downturn and the determined dogmatists that threaten to transform it into a full-blown recession. Maybe the equity market's relentless gyrations eventually wear you down. But nothing tells you that it's time to rethink things more certainly than the threat of reporting to your husband. Literally.

When we get married, we vow to stick together as a couple for better and for worse. But nowhere is there any mention of the grim reality of having your spouse tell your copy or correct your spelling. As partners, you may well be able to weather such domestic vapours as determining whose turn it is to clean out the cat box, or who was supposed to pick up the dry cleaning. But when it comes to a formal chain of corporate command, some pigs just won't fly.

A couple of weeks ago, I received a very clear signal from the universe my husband was appointed editor of *Adweek*. At home, we're all scarily proud of him. He's a fine fellow, an excellent father, and he sometimes unlocks the dishwasher without being asked. Nevertheless, the idea of regularly quibbling over commas and haggling over headlines has much less charm than the man himself. And since all things good, bad or indifferent must eventually come to an end, this is it for McMurdy in *McWeek*.

In many respects, we've come full circle since this column first appeared in January 1994. Around that time, Canada was grappling with economic uncertainty as it struggled to pull itself from the mire of a protracted recession. The national deficit and the power of foreign investment and creditors, specifically Japanese institutions, dominated the public sector agenda. The western oilpatch was booming. Farmers were griping about pending changes to agricultural policy under new international trade rules imposed by the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade. Canadian Airlines was making headlines as it struggled to avert off the encroachment of Air Canada. Pundits were just beginning to talk about the so-called New Economy. China—along with other "emerging markets"—was the hot place to invest. Rogers Communications Inc. embarked on a hostile takeover bid for Nicklos Hunter Ltd.

Each of these stories is still resonating seven years later. After several years in the last issue, the Canadian economy is once

again spluttering to the shoulder of the road, while economists peer anxiously at the lights flicking on the dashboard. The deficit has been under control for several years, but tax cuts and renewed program spending, at the same time as the economy slows, are raising red flags of concern. Japan is worrisome in a new way: its chronic economic fragility and weak demand is now a factor that threatens Asian and global prosperity.

The western oilpatch is booming—again. Farmers are still griping about pending changes to agricultural policy under new international trade rules imposed by the World Trade Organization, which has absorbed GATT. Air Canada is now making headlines as it struggles to integrate as long-sought quarry, Canadian Airlines. High-tech stocks have replaced emerging markets as the trendy—and also widely fraught—investment of choice. The New Economy has been exposed as a bit of a bust. And the Rogers takeover is now viewed as the catalyst of all the megamergers that followed, especially those that seemed to sail in on the "convergence" craze in the communications sector.

For all the dramatic prognostication about the revolutionary impact of the Internet and e-commerce, the business "paradigm" has shifted precious little. After a frantic flirtation, investors have learned that new technology has not radically altered the way the economy and its cycles operate, nor has it undermined the traditional methods of valuing shares. For a business to survive, revenue still matters, not to mention a solid game plan and an experienced team. There's also a realization that technology, however fascinating in theory, is worthless if it has no functional application.

In learning these lessons, we've also hopefully come to a more refined understanding of the nature of sustainable economic change. Instead of a Big Bang, a dramatic rip in the page of history, it's more of an organic layering of tradition and innovation. By way of example, the advent of television didn't destroy the medium of print, and the Internet hasn't, as predicted, made television obsolete. Instead, the three are coming together to create new products and enhance existing ones.

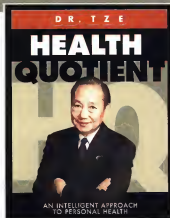
With some determined effort, newsmagazines will remain a vibrant part of that evolving equation. I hear the new editor has a bold vision for *Maclean's* and is now exciting ideas about how an venerable tradition can be adapted for the 21st century. It's been an honour and a pleasure to be part of the process, and I'm going to miss the opportunity to shoot my mouth off about the business issues and trends of the moment. But even though they say that behind every successful man is a surprised woman, I won't be one of them.

TAKING CHARGE OF YOUR HEALTH: HQ AND YOU

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MacLean stretches the limits of loyalty

Tech Explorer

Trading points

Everybody seems to have them. Airlines, department stores, gas stations, credit cards—nearly all feature some sort of loyalty program, where buying something earns the consumer points or miles that can later be cashed in for free stuff. There are more than 8,500 programs in the world, says Rob MacLean, president of Toronto-based

Points can line. But for every devoted point collector who flies to Europe gratis, there are those with points languishing in their accounts because they have too few to cash in or too many to use fully. At his Web site, MacLean offers the chance to exchange those points for credits in another program. "Now," he says, "they're able to do something with that currency that otherwise they were getting no value from."

So far, MacLean has convinced 10 businesses to take part in the exchange, including Air Canada and American Airlines. But there are restrictions. Air Canada, for instance, allows points to be transferred into Aeroplan accounts, but users won't be able to take them out until early summer. And it does not exchange points with American. MacLean, however, expects to add many more loyalty programs to the site. It works like this: For \$14.95 a year, users can make unlimited exchanges, taking points from one program and convert-

ing them into points from another they think they'll use—such as turning airline points into long-distance phone credits. The companies, however, set the exchange rates in their favour, so consumers will have to judge whether they are getting a good deal.

Danyla Hruschak

COOL SITE

Grave situation

For people fascinated by death, www.finaldestination.com may be the place for them. The site lets users search for the grave sites of famous and "non-famous" people. Want to know where James Dean is buried, and see his memorial? It can be done here. Canadians with U.S. passports can search a directory of 100,000 cemeteries.

People

Edited by Shaunda Duvall

More than a movie star

Monica Potter is a former model, an actress, a mother of two and the inspiration for one of the Counting Crows' earliest pop songs. In *Mr. Potter's Lady*, Crows lead singer-songwriter Adam Durkin sings for the unsuitable widow:

"I know I don't know you and you probably aren't what you seem/But I'd sure like to find out/So why don't you climb down off that movie screen."

During the night shot of Potter in the 1998 film *Without Limits*, in which she plays the girlfriend of runner Steve Prefontaine. Currently, Potter is teaming with Morgan Freeman in *Aleky Gore a Spahr*, based on a James Patterson suspense novel. Potter, as a young secret service agent and Freeman, as a veteran detective, share a father-daughter chemistry on-screen that mirrored their off-screen working

relationship. "He helped me a lot," says Potter. "But he never told me what to do. He always said, 'You know the answer to that'—which gave me confidence."

Despite Hollywood success, Potter remains focused on family. After five years in L.A., she and her co-husband—they got married at 18, divorced a couple of years ago and remain best friends—both moved back home in Cleveland with their two young boys. It keeps Mr. Potter's quiet willing to climb down off that movie screen.



Something to sing about: Potter is the inspiration

Born to be a Bluenoser

Like so many boys on Nova Scotia's north shore, Philip Watson grew up dreaming of going to sea. "Didn't matter if it was a tramp steamer or a cargo boat," says Watson. "I had this romantic notion of what life on the ocean was all about." Reality turned out to be a little different. In 1987, he signed on as a deckhand on Nova Scotia's fabled Bluenose II racing schooner in Lunenburg. He cleaned heads, shined brass and did other menial jobs. But now,



Philip Watson's ship has come in at 35. Watson has taken the helm, as the Bluenose's sixth captain

The original Bluenose, which is venerated on the Canadian dime, became a national legend by consistently coaching American fishing schooners during a series of races in the 1920s. Today, the 99-m-long Bluenose II, built after its predecessor foundered on a reef in the West Indies in 1946, travels the globe as a floating ambassador for Canada. Watson, who is wanted to a degree and has a four-month-old son, grew up in Mahone Bay, N.S., on the same road as two previous Bluenose skippers. "Where I come from, being the captain of the Bluenose is every kid's fantasy," says Watson. "I never thought I'd be the one to live it."

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is a simple belief.

Research
makes us better.

Every year, R&D member companies spend more than \$1 billion in Canadian medical research. Every day, more than 9,000 researchers are searching for someone's cure in laboratories across Canada. Their work saves lives, relieves pain and eases suffering, and prevents disease. The new medicines they develop improve the lives of all Canadians: by keeping families together, enabling longer and more productive lives, and by saving precious health care resources.



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Timothy Taylor

Taylor's tasty tale of urban mobility

In a Toronto café, Vancouver author Timothy Taylor, who recently won the Journey Prize for short fiction, is feeling bad about sending back his

plate of burritos and pursuing though he had ordered a sandwich. "I would never do this," says Taylor, 35, whose debut novel, *Stanley Park*, features a chef and centers on food. "but in just seven life is a lot of human." In his book, Taylor, a former barber and fishery consultant, examines how urban residents are disconnected from where they live. "In my circle of friends, almost nobody comes from Vancouver," says Taylor, "and nobody

can guarantee you that they are going to be there for the rest of their life."

For Taylor, this theme is also reflected in readers' food trends. "Fusion cuisine is a very busy expression of our new mobility," he says. "And fast food—where a burger tastes the same in any location and the ingredients come from God knows where—is a perfectly modified expression of a placeless, globalized culture." In reaction to these food fads, Stanley Park's chef cooks only with local ingredients. He would have wanted to know where the beans in his come from.



Writer's recipe

Soul Searchers

In a quest for spiritual renewal, faith-seekers turn to retreats

By Sharon Doyle Driedger
in St-Benoît-du-Lac

Johanne Ruel's spiritual journey started at the hairdresser. As wisps of curly brown hair fell onto her shoulders, the calm young man circling her head with scissors and comb mentioned that he had just returned from a week-long stay at L'Abbaye St. Benoît, a Benedictine monastery in Quebec's Eastern Townships. "He told me about the peace he felt," she says. "It clicked right away, I knew I had to go." A few days later,

Ruel, a Roman Catholic who had not been to church for 30 years, reserved a room at the monastery. Then she tried to ignore her misgivings. "I was worried I couldn't handle the silence," says the Montreal passport officer, 40. "I had never been to a monastery before." Even as the bus rolled out of the city on a cool, grey morning in late June, Ruel felt uneasy—doubts that persisted until she passed through the gates of the tranquil stone abbey set amid woods and fields and orchards stretching down to Lake Memphrémagog. "The moment I arrived," says Ruel, "I felt the serenity I felt at home."

In the sanctuary of the monastery, Ruel found peace, joy—and plenty of company. Following the Rule of St. Benedict, generations of monks have welcomed visitors since L'Abbaye St. Benoît was established in 1912. But in recent years, the Benedictines have noted a rising demand for their hospitality from laypeople. Last year, they accommodated nearly 5,000 guests for stays of up to five days. Wanting lots for weekends have stretched to three months, as believers and unbelievers of all ages, with a large contingent of baby boomers, are drawn to the contemplative atmosphere of the monastery—an experience that a few years ago would have attracted only priests, nuns and the seriously devout. Now, says the abbey's guest master, Father Jean-Marie Giv, "we have to turn people away all the time."

It is a silent revolution. Quietly, privately, more and more Canadians are slipping away from hectic lives, clearing time for inner reflection, in solitude or in small groups of like-minded souls. "There has been, across North America, in some areas more than in others, a phenomenal flourishing of retreats," says Steve Hill, a Kingston, Ont.-based representative of Retreat International. Christians of all denominations are rediscovering a tradition largely lost in the Middle Ages: that the growing retreat movement created all lines of faith. In the past five years, a

handful of Jewish retreat centres have sprung up across North America. And while sacred travel is booming, as adventurous people seek to uncover holy sites in India, Iceland and Greece, many are now finding once-exotic spiritual traditions close to home. The *Canadian Retreat Guide*—one of several new publications and Web sites catering to this awakening—tracks—lists Buddhist temples, yoga ashrams, native sweat lodges and Tai chi camps among its dozens of diverse offerings.

Hard sciences are as elusive as angel sightings. The serenity phenomenon thrives largely on word of mouth, newsletters, and then in churches and health-food stores. But the signs are clear to marketers. Advertisers to Zen, yoga and retreats often pop up in ads for Ford, Nike and other major corporations. These commercials, says Gregory Skonieczny, head of Mosa, a Toronto-based youth marketing firm, target young people in a unique way: "It's not, 'I am so repulsed by the world that I need to escape.' It is picking up on something to build it stronger, better you." In California, the fans of secular culture, retreats are the spa for the soul. Hollywood deities like Gwyneth Paltrow and Richard Gere treat their spirits at yoga or Buddhist retreats.

Despite its incoherence, the retreat movement has a solid core of authenticity. "There are certainly people for whom the spiritual trip is the last escape," says Peter Embley, author of *Suspended Doubtful: The Spiritual Searchers of Canada's Baby Boomers*, to be published early next year. "But for the vast majority, this is a very serious enterprise." The secular phenomenon, circa 2001, is built not on the solid rock of religious fervour but on the shifting ground of a restless society. Uneasy with the seemingly uncontrollable advance of technology, environmental damage and globalisation—and turned off by government and industrial religion—the spiritually minded are looking inward. "Baby boomers," says Embley, a Guelph, Ont.-based



At L'Abbaye St. Benoît in Quebec's Eastern Townships, Ruel found peace of mind—and restored her faith

It is a silent revolution—quietly, privately, more and more Canadians are slipping away from hectic lives, claiming time for inner reflection

any philosopher who participated in dozens of retreats across the country, "am on a quest for re-exploring what it is now to live at the beginning of the 21st century, and retreats are the most important part of the spiritual search."

That is certainly what the monks at St. Berol's hear, in the privacy of the cloister, when visitors seek their counsel. "People are seeking to grow spiritually," says Father Gilbert Garsand. "There is a need to connect the God within." Many arrive distressed, in the wake of a divorce, or after a diagnosis of cancer, some of them sent by a doctor. "A lot of people are in burnout or in depression or had a heart attack and their body is telling them to stop," says Garsand. "I listen to people and help them open to a spiritual dimension." Garsand says many have nowhere else to turn.

"People are very isolated," says the monk. "Families are not strong. Faith is dying. The church is no longer a social force."

In fact, the retreat trend is a sign of a significant change in the complex puzzle of Canadian religious behaviour and attitudes. So far, it is unclear how the pieces will fit together. Surveys show that 86 per cent of Canadians believe in God, yet only one in four regularly attends services. "A close look at the figures shows that new patterns are emerging," says Andrew Grenville, a pollster with Ipsos-Reid Corp. "Faith is very important to people, but their feelings towards organized religion are ambivalent. People are choosing their own ways of being religious." André St-Denis, a former altar boy, rejects the Catholicism of his youth, "when everything was a sin." But late years, he went to St. Berol's to deal with his grief at the end of a long relationship. "I am not religious," says St-Denis, 60. "But I am very spiritual. I was there to meditate on where I was in life and where I wanted to go."

The Bible says there is nothing new under the sun. Monks, after all, climbed the mountains, Jesus prayed in the desert and Buddha sat under the Bodhi tree. Today, people are finding inspiration in Canada's wilderness, in hermitages tucked away in remote forests, in rustic Yulon cabins or in year-round huts such as Mount St. Francis in the foothills of the Rockies in Alberta. St. Berol's, more typical of retreat accommodation in Canada, offers modest comfort for about \$35 a day for a single room, meals included. Some other spiritual centres feature hot tubs, swimming pools, massage and other spa-like amenities for those willing to pay up to \$200 a day. "All of us affluent people like to do our discipline in archaism, diet on gourmet food and do our wrestling with the shadow in full light," says Sam Keen, a popular writer on spirituality.



■ The Franciscans operate the Mount St. Francis retreat near Calgary year-round.

Modern retreats encompass everything from spiritual hiking to formal Zen training. They fill days with meditation, chanting, drumming—or leave them free. Women, youth, alcoholics: there is a retreat for seemingly everyone. Later this month, for instance, members of the Toronto Police Department can seek inner peace and order at Marlene Jesuit Spiritual Renewal Centre, northeast of the city. "You've heard the horror stories about cops and booze," says Insp. Larry Sindt, co-ordinator of the gathering. "They had to deal with it on their own. Now, they have the option of retreat."

Most organized religions sponsor their own getaways. "But personal retreats are new in Judaism," says Toronto Rabbi Yehuda Goldstein. "It helps to get away from the secular pressures of the world." Soli Goldstein, who allows time for solitary reflection during her week-long retreat, emphasizes that in Judaism the personal quest is done in community. "We don't say, 'Come and ignore the world and concern place on a mountaintop.' We say, 'Come and contemplate on a mountaintop with other people, then join in prayer and song.' We have to be careful not to confuse personal spiritual quest with narcissism."

Many Canadians are embracing Eastern spirituality, often beginning with a simple yoga class. "Eastern traditions offer physical techniques that allow you to connect with the inner self, and people are hungry for that," says Stephen Cope, author of *Yoga and the Quest for the True Self*. Yoga was originally a way to prepare the body and mind for meditation. "I have done yoga retreats at Christian monasteries," says Cope, "and they were thrilled to find a way to connect the body and prayer. Christianity split off the body centuries ago, and they are in a struggle to meditate it."

It makes some pious eyes roll heavenward, but a growing number of Christian retreat centres are offering yoga, medita-



■ Buddhist monks at Gampo Abbey on Cape Breton Island (left); the spa-like Hollywood on Cortes Island (bottom)

tion and other Eastern practices. Edmonton's Providence Retreat Centre is one. "People say, 'Well, really, yoga isn't a Christian tradition,'" says Richard Why, director at the centre. "But it is a good way to put your physical self into a state that can reach your spiritual self." Some Western seekers take a more direct route to the East. Susan Vaynskevich, 25, began to practice yoga five years ago, and has since been to Hindu retreats in the Bahamas, Quebec and India. At the latter, she joined about 250 like-minded pilgrims, including many other Canadians. She ate a bland vegetarian diet and studied Sanskrit, yoga, philosophy and Hinduism under the direction of swamis. "It enriched my spiritual growth," says Vaynskevich. "It's not a religion, but a lifestyle."

Not everyone who goes to retreats is seeking spiritual enlightenment. Some go to study to write novels, in the case of Gabrielle Belliveau, to plan retirement. "Not very spiritual, but I agree," laughs Belliveau, wearing a track pantsuit as her duffel bag in her plainly furnished room at St. Berol's. "This is how I am going to get rich for my grandchildren." The Mounties say that at the monastery she can concentrate without having to worry about food, phone calls, going to market. It helps to be in a spiritual place because of the silence, because there are no distractions.

At St. Berol's, prayer sets the rhythm of life. Seven times a day, from morning retreat to evening complines, a steady mix of bells sends the loud, urgent call to worship into every corner of the monastery and over the neighbouring hills. The monks shoo their radios and obey, and as they file two by two into the chapel, the bells soften and down to a heartbeat, a hush. The solemn sounds of Gregorian chants flow out of the sanctuary and reach people like Ruel, the puppet officer, sitting in the polished oak pews. "The music," says Ruel, "makes me feel happy and sad at the same time."

Most of the time, though, silence rules. "At first, it felt strange to be sitting at a table with other women and you can't talk to them," says Ruel. "But you get used to it." Michel Lamy, in fact, seeks it out every year: he takes a week of vacation every August at St. Berol's. "It's just me, myself and I," says



Larry, a 32-year-old publicist from Des Moines, Iowa. "I just lie on my bed and listen to the silence," he says in the three to four days he writes and to think about how he could be "a better guy."

At *Giuseppe Abbey*, a Buddhist monastery on Cape Breton Island, visitors follow the quiet routine of resident monks and nuns, and are expected to perform household chores. Much of the day is spent in silent meditation. "The food is simple, they don't like to waste," says Maggie Chelms, 76, a Buddhist nun from Ottawa who has been Jewish and was once a research chemist at the University of Alberta. "They definitely have to be celibate. But I think they are attracted to truth. Everyone seems to appreciate that putting down to the very basics."

Some retreats cater more to the body than the soul. At Hollyhock, a lush, non-denominational retreat centre on Cornish Island in British Columbia, a Tibetan guru summons guests to a gourmet vegetarian smorgasbord, elaborately decorated with flowers. "Hollyhock is like a great big womb," says David Waugh of Vancouver. The 66-year-old businessman says he emerged "reinvigorated" from his first retreat at the centre eight years ago. Now a holistic health practitioner, Waugh returns to Hollyhock every year. "You get a sense of the sacred in the in-ground hot tub looking out at the ocean," he says. Sometimes he opts to commune with nature in Hollyhock's lush garden, on a boat trip to the centre's bird sanctuary, or out on the waters in a sea kayak. "This is not just a wonderful vacation," says Waugh. "It is a vacation for my soul."

Spiritual retreats can pay off in the here and now. "There is hardly a person I met who didn't say they had had a conversion or a mystical experience—major epiphanies in their lives that made them rethink what they were doing," says Embrey, the Carleton professor. Karen Hellman still marvels at the sense of well-being she enjoyed after her first yoga retreat. "I wondered if it was healthy because I was so stressed driving back to my amazing," says the McGill University medical researcher. Jim Cooney, a 57-year-old Vancouver mechanic, says he has occasionally experienced "an extraordinary feeling of lightness and being and love." He knows not to expect peak experiences, but, he says, "they did convince me of the benefits of

meditation and retreats." That benefit, says Peter Olfphart, an accountant and a part-time lay spiritual director at the Carleton Centre for Spirituality, "is being face-to-face with yourself in a place where you can't run away."

For others, the magic doesn't quite work. Karen, a Toronto teacher and a member of Alcoholics Anonymous, attended weekend retreats at the Maroon centre for more than 15 years. He alone that they did help get his life pointed in the right direction. But while he felt "spiritually charged" when he left on Sunday, "then you'd get back to Toronto and it would be gone the first time the telephone rang." Last year, Sam stopped going to the retreats, largely because he felt uncomfortable with the forced exposure of confessions. "I have seen people form a circle thing with their hands," he says. "I couldn't say that at all, maybe I am too cynical. I found myself going out and listening to my Walkman."

A Return to the Earth

By Susan McClelland

It is the first day of the basic shamanic workshop, a weekend retreat where participants learn how native cultures connect the spirit world. A small group is beginning to gather in a second-floor room at Northern Edge Algonquin Retreat and Awareness Centre, about three hours north of Toronto. Everyone is barefoot, quietly taking seats on floor mats. Shari Geller sets a small drum and two rattles beside her, and in a soft voice introduces herself. "I've wanted to be here for a while now," says the 32-year-old psychotherapist. "It's a natural progression in my spiritual growth."

The shamanic ceremony, which splits her work between Toronto and Fletcher, Ont., explains later that she started looking around when she was 19, shortly after her mother died of cancer. Over the years, she went on a number of Buddhist retreats in Thailand and India. Two years ago, during a trip in New Mexico, Geller had a recurring thought: "I kept thinking that my spiritual guide might not be in human form," she says. "It took a while for me to recognize that. But once I did, I knew I needed to learn how to connect with the spirit world."

The journey to the spirit world is one

of the most sacred exercises among almost all indigenous cultures. It involves entering an altered state of consciousness and communicating in the dimension experienced normally in dreams—one that benefits emotional and spiritual well-being. Anthropologists today refer to the journey as shamanism, and over the past few decades people from various religious backgrounds have embraced it. Shamanic-based retreats and sweat lodges—places for communal prayer among native North Americans—have burgeoned from coast to coast. Even some in the medical profession recognize the healing power of the journey. "It's not surprising that we are seeing a worldwide interest in shamanism," says Bill Branson, a lecturer at the Foundation for Shamanic Studies in Mill Valley, Calif. "Humans intuitively know this is a way to solve many of our problems."

Even so, connecting with the spirit world can be difficult. Shamanic medicine is passed down orally, explains grandmother Sara Smith, a Mohawk elder from Ontario's Six Nations reserve. And colonization forced generations of indigenous people to abandon their heritage and embrace other religions. But in the past 50 years, women have begun to rediscover female traditions like Wicca, and

Even if women aren't for everybody, they could have profound implications for organized religion. Some believe the intense movement reflects a deepening commitment to faith. "Many who came are very involved in local churches," says Hill of Remembrance International. Others say retreats represent a modern, if a more approach to religion. "In other societies, people were either religious or not," says John Stackhouse, professor of Christianity and culture at Regent College in Vancouver. "There wasn't a widespread social permission to pick and choose. It is contemporary. I get to pick from a smorgasbord of religious options, when for my taste and needs." Embrey takes a different view. The popularity of retreats, he says, is "a sign of the death knell of religious institutions."

For Raoul, the stay at St. Benoit was a transformative experience. She attended services three times a day, walked

the grounds and poured out her heart to a young monk. Most profoundly, she found more than peace of mind; her stay helped her find her faith again. "There is something special about the monastery—the music, the Latin, the choir," she says. "Instead of listening to a priest give a sermon, you listen to yourself." After five days, she boarded a Montreal-bound bus, where the man drove of the women who had also stayed at St. Benoit. "We didn't talk in the monastery," says Raoul, "but we talked for three hours on the way home. It was like we knew each other well. We understood each other."

With Susan McClelland and Renee Kay in Toronto

Do you see religion or meditation to escape daily distractions? [Read on page 10](#)



With the Raoul (second from left), visitors seek emotional well-being

any she provides. There are similarities, McClelland says, between the messages people receive during the shamanic journey and the images her patients see through hypnosis and visualization—standard techniques to help them reach the subconscious. She notes that Carl Jung and Sigmund Freud believed dreams were important sources of information. Jung thought they provided clues to what is needed to attain harmony in a person's life.

Oliver Pruden embraced shamanism in the final few months of his life. Raised a Christian, Pruden was aware that he was Meis but unaware of the culture's belief system. That changed in 1999, shortly after he was diagnosed with an inoperable brain tumour. The former school trustee and principal at Saint-Mary's High School in Toronto, about 40 km to the northwest, to attend a sweat lodge—a small igloo-shaped building covered in cloth. Inside an elder kept the heat high by pouring water over hot rocks. The heat combined with prayer, says Pruden's wife, Vickie, transported Pruden to the altered state of consciousness. During his journey, he felt none of the pain that accompanied his illness. He also reported having conversations with spirits who were waiting for him when he crossed over. When he died last year, at age 58, he was resting of his last, says Vickie. "It was as if a peace had come over his entire body."

At shamanic retreats and sweat lodges, visitors connect with spirits in the land

native elders to share their teachings.

Native cultures that practice shamanism are often referred to as earth-based and are grounded in a belief that all things—the environment, humans and the spirit world—are interconnected. At one time, people "knew there were spirits in the land and in animals," explains Sherrin Van Raalte, a Quebec-based therapist who conducts shamanism workshops. "It was part of the tapestry of survival for humans to connect and respect them." This tapestry, she says, began to unravel when

churches gained power and a priesthood took over responsibility for contacting the spirit world on behalf of others. "Everyone got cut off from a direct connection with spirit," Van Raalte says. "They lost touch. And nature came to be seen as a force to be conquered and placed at humanity's service."

Those impulses persist, of course, yet the healing power of shamanism has impressed some members of the medical profession. Calgary psychologist Margaret McClelland sends some clients to shamanic healers in addition to the ther-



Petite voix soliste? Gauthier in class at Laval's Ecole secondaire St-Marc

Education Flunking French

The corrected exams, lying on a desk at the front of the class, cause an instant buzz with the 29 students filing into Grade 11 French at Ecole secondaire St-Marc in Laval, Que. One by one, the students in Francine Gauthier's class pour over the tests. A girl with bangs perched on her head grins and lets out a whoop. A boy with short, neatly gelled hair mutters aloud, a chaplain came over, when he spots her failing grade. Gauthier has administered the test to prepare for next month's French writing exam, mandatory for Grade 11 students in Quebec's francophone school system. Today, it is back to basics. Striving at the rear of the class, Kevin Stroud pores over his grammar workbook, confounded by past participles. In Grades 9 and 10, with "no effort at all," he earned good marks. But this year, Stroud, 17, a hockey player with his heart set on the National Hockey League, is falling short of the 60 per cent passing mark. French is his weakest subject. "I make a lot of errors," says Stroud. "It's like I speak."

He isn't the only struggling student. Gauthier estimates that a third of her students arrive in Grade 11 without the necessary knowledge for the course level. And across the province, there is continuing concern about the quality of French, both spoken and written. "How can the Quebec state dream of achieving independence when three-quarters of our population speak a language barely understood by the rest of the Francophones?" grumbled *Le Devoir* columnist Odile Tremblay in a blunt piece last fall. During recent hearings by a provincial commission on the future of the French language, several

Francophone students are struggling with their mother tongue

briefly made reference to the troubles that francophone students have with their mother tongue. These are not baseless fears. Figures released last month showed that 20 per cent of 8,055 prospective francophone teachers last year failed a written French test, the passing of which is a condition of hiring by most francophone school boards. In the CEGEP system, one in four college students fails the compulsory five-year French literature course.

By comparison, the results from the Grade 11 writing exam appear impressive. Last year, 90.4 per cent of students passed the exam, up sharply from 62.1 per cent in 1990. But what concerns parents and educators, says Lise Ouellet, head of French programs at Quebec's education ministry, are the spelling and grammar results. Last year, only 58 per cent of students passed this aspect of the test. The provincial association of French teachers wants the grading system changed so that students must pass both the grammar and essay content portions of the test to obtain their diploma. The ministry recognizes the problem, according to Ouellet, and is exploring solutions.

With 27 years of teaching experience, Gauthier has noticed an improvement in written French over the past decade. But the learners that students who achieve a final grade of 45 per cent in her class can still end up with a 60-per-cent passing mark from the ministry of education. She contends that the ministry adjusts marks. "It's that illusion that we want to give," says Gauthier, "that the school must make all children in the province succeed." Not surprisingly, Ouellet maintains that is not the case. The ministry contends that it only adjusts grades when there is a significant discrepancy between class marks and those on provincial exams.

Regardless of who is right, there is plenty of evidence showing that many students continue to struggle in CEGEP and university. The province's new high-school curriculum, to be launched in 2003, will require teachers of other subjects to also monitor students' written French. Meanwhile, Gauthier prepares her students as best she can. They read four books a year and prepare a literary analysis of each. Every year, Gauthier sighs at the prospect of marathon correction sessions. But, she concedes, "They need it. Why is there so much failure at CEGEP? It's because they don't have the knowledge." In a province where language is an obsession, it's an issue that's unlikely to disappear soon.

Brenda Barrowell in Laval, Que.



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SPACE MAN

Canadian astronaut
Chris Hadfield is primed for his
second trip on the shuttle

By Andrew Phillips in Houston

When he isn't getting ready to rocket into orbit, Chris Hadfield likes to drop by a Houston-area bar called the Bayview Duck and play his guitar with what surely is the world's only all-musicians rock band. The group is called Max Q, which, as it turns out, is a little astronaut in-joke. Q, Hadfield explains in his careful way, is the symbol for dynamic pressure. And "max Q" is what engineers call the point during launch when air density and velocity combine to put the maximum amount of force on a spacecraft and its human cargo—an intense rocking and rolling that sounded just right to the crew for a band out to pump up a neighborhood hangout on a Friday night. "It seemed appropriate," he says with a smile.

The real max Q is something Hadfield has experienced before, on his first space shuttle mission in 1995. If all goes as planned, he will go through it again shortly after 2:41 p.m. on April 19. That's when the shuttle *Endeavour* is scheduled to lift off from Florida's Kennedy Space Center, taking him and six fellow astronauts into orbit and a rendezvous with the International Space Station 400 km above the Earth. It's, he recounts in his inimitable offbeat southern Ontario tones, quite a trip, still one of the nicest of human experiences and one shared by only seven other Canadians. Let him describe it.

"It's like riding in the mouth of a huge dog. You're being shaken and you're helpless in the power of something of tremendous energy. There's a semi-controlled explosion going on behind you. The solid rockets are just a tube of explosive 200 feet long and they burn till they're out of fuel, like a Ro-

man candle. It's a violent ride. The shuttle isn't flexible, like an airplane. It's very stiff. The seat vibrates side to side, so you're getting nudged left-right on this rigid diving board that's going up-and-down. You can't even focus your eyeballs on the instruments in front of you."

Two minutes and 20 seconds after liftoff, nearly 50 km above the Atlantic Ocean, the solid rockets exhaust their fuel and explode away from the shuttle. For another 60 minutes, the vehicle accelerates smoothly to orbital speed, passing the crew back into their seats with a force three times that of gravity. Then, suddenly, the engines cut off. "You're instantly weightless, as if you've fallen out of an airplane or jumped off a cliff. If you can imagine a big gorilla swinging you around and jumping on your chest and then throwing you off a cliff—that's what it feels like."

Hadfield leans back and smiles. Clearly, he can hardly wait. And no wonder. His last flight was almost 30 years ago, in November, 1995. He was assigned almost immediately to STS-100, as the April 19 mission is called in NASA-speak, so it has been a long time coming. Not, he hastens to point out, that he and his fellow crew members (four Americans, a Russian and an Indian) have been waiting around. They have been preparing themselves for a mission that will be historic for Canada's space program. Hadfield will become the first Canadian to walk in space, and will play the lead role in installing the new Canadian-built robot arm that is essential to complete construction of the space station. Every moment of the 12-day flight is meticulously planned, especially the airlock space walks. "You have to invent the flight," he says.

From an Orion firm in the Kennedy Space Center, preparing for a rendezvous with the International Space Station

"It's like writing a ballet, with the choreography and the sound track, minute by minute."

The goal, of course, is to make it all look easy, as Hadfield explains during a break in his hectic, seven-day-a-week training regimen. The previous day, he spent 12 hours simulating his space walks, floating upside down in an enormous training pool at the Johnson Space Center just south of Houston—and he has the brass on his right arm to show for it. Pressure inside the space suit is 19 pounds per square inch, and the physical wear and tear can be intense. "It was a pretty rough day," he says.

But by the time Hadfield begins his first space walk for EVA, for extra-vehicular activity, on the fourth day of the mission, everything must be flawless. "You have a zero failure tolerance," he says. "That's an expression of perfection. It's a lot to live up to."

In fact, Hadfield actually borrows to conceal his surprise that most people these days take a ho-hum attitude towards space travel. Shuttle missions to build the space station, the massive research facility that will eventually be 109 m long and weigh 454 tonnes when it is completed by 2006, are only back-pager treatment. Most Americans would be hard-pressed to name a single astronaut from the current crop—though Canadians, with fewer homegrown celebrities vying for their attention, are more likely to know Mike Garneau, Julie Payette or Hadfield himself. "We do ourselves a disservice by making space flight look so easy," he says. "It's incredibly hard, and it's amazing that we're successful as we are."

It doesn't help that the first space tourist is due in the space station around the time that Hadfield's term will be there. Dennis Tito, a 60-year-old former NASA engineer and wealthy California stock trader, has agreed to pay, by some accounts, as much as \$30 million to the Russian space agency to take him there aboard one of its Soyuz spacecraft. The Russians' partners—including NASA and the Canadian Space Agency—have the idea. Tito hasn't agreed with the mission crew, they say, and isn't prepared for all contingencies that could arise. If current plans hold, the mission carrying Hadfield & Co. will end on April 30—the same day Tito is due to lift off from the Baikonur Cosmodrome in Kazakhstan. But final weather delays STS-100 just a few days, they could overlap.

Hadfield, it becomes clear, is not amused—and not only because it makes space travel look like another day's main hobby. Imagine, he says, if someone had tried to buy a seat on Lindbergh's flight across the Atlantic. "And what if we delay a week and we have all those people worrying about him instead of about building the station?" he wonders.

Ultimately, however, all that is just background noise to a man who set his sights on going into space when he was not quite 10 years old, living on his family's farm near Milton, Ont., and watching on television as Neil Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin stepped onto the moon back in July 1969. Canada had no astronauts or any plan to recruit them, but, Hadfield recalls. "I thought, 'That's what I'd like to do when I grow up.'" Unlike millions of other starstruck kids, he was dead serious. Soon after he met his wife, Helene, at White Oaks Secondary School in nearby Oakville (he was 16, she was just a week shy of her 15th birthday), he told her he



'If you can imagine a gorilla swinging you around, jumping on your chest and throwing you off a cliff—that's what it feels like'

wanted to go into space. "I thought he was just trying to stress me," she says now with a laugh. "It sounded like teenage bawdy."

In fact, Hadfield had a head start on his ambitions. His father, Roger, was a pilot with Air Canada and flew his own Piper Cub. He took Chris up and let him take the controls for the first time at the age of three by 16, he had his own pilot's license. His brothers, David and Phillip, both fly for Air Canada as well. "The atmosphere Chris was raised in was steeped in aviation," says Roger Hadfield, now 67 and retired with his wife, Eleanor, on their farm. "You couldn't have a conversation at the dinner table without talking about flying."

Chris Hadfield figured out that most astronauts were engineers and test pilots—so he signed up for the Royal Military College at Kingston, Ont. He came first in his class as pilot's school in Moose Jaw, Sask., then flew CF-18s out of Cold Lake, Alta., and Bagotville, Que. (he holds the rank of colonel). By 1986, however, it looked as if his dream might vanish: Canada was no longer recruiting astronauts. The Challenger shuttle had exploded, killing its crew and putting the U.S. shuttle program on hold. The Hadfields, who married in 1981, were living in Ontario, Bagotville, they already had two young children and Helene was pregnant with their third. Hadfield began to think he should face up to reality. "I came very close to saying, 'Well, forget it. This is just not going to happen.'"

His fallback position was obvious: Roger Hadfield had always wanted his son to follow in his footsteps and fly for Air Canada, so Chris told his wife he would apply for a commercial pilot's license. It would mean more money, less time away from his family and a chance to come back home, but Helene argued him out of it: "I just said no—you'd be bored silly as an airline."

The next month, as it turned out, Hadfield was accepted to test pilot school at Edwards Air Force Base in California. Now, he flew out of the U.S. navy's test center in Maryland. His job involved flying aircraft out of control and then figuring out how to bring them back into safe flight—so being shot at was more dangerous (his job being an astronaut. "I never focused on



Gazing Orbiter, astronaut-style (middle): she paid it to make it look easy

that," says Helene. "If he did doing what he was happy doing, better than than dying in a car crash."

In 1991, the U.S. navy named him its test pilot of the year. And with the kind of good fortune that strikes those who keep their goals clearly in sight, the next year Canada began recruiting astronauts again. "I finally had the CV I wanted to give them," Hadfield recalls. "The disc were rolled many, many times and they came up lucky for me." Some 3,336 applied, he was one of five selected as an astronaut candidate for AirCan, as NASA unofficially calls them.

The Hadfields moved to Houston, and in 1995 he flew his first mission, becoming the first (and only) Canadian to fly to Mir, the Russian space station that was now plunging to a fiery death on March 25. He was also the first Canadian to operate the original Canadarm, the shuttle's robotic manipulator, in space. Finally, this month he and his fellow spacewalkers, American Scott Parazynski, will install the new generation of Canadian-made robot on the space station. Usually known as the Space Station Remote Manipulator System (but nicknamed Canadarm2), the device is Canada's contribution to the station, its ticket to ride in space. It's a remarkable system: a 17-m, \$1.4-billion robot crane that will be able to "walk" along the space station, moving from one grapple point to another and manipulating loads of up to 116 tonnes. Without it, the station cannot be completed.

During two planned space walks, Hadfield and Parazynski will unload Canadarm2 from Endeavour's cargo bay, attach it to a docking port on the station, unfold its boom, bolt them



Ready to be the first Canadian to work in space: training in Houston for a trip that is still one of the most of experiences

into place and power it up. The entire assembly put together in Hampton, Ont., will be subjected to all the pressures of the launch, and absolutely must work once it is uplinked. Hadfield can control his own performance through rigorous training, but worried about things outside his control—like solar-wind glitches or damage during launch. "This isn't as easy as you think it is," he says. "This isn't as easy as you think it is." "This isn't as easy as you think it is." "This isn't as easy as you think it is."

That kind of pressure keeps astronauts supremely focused—and earns many of them reputations as stoic, pragmatic doers. Around NASA, Hadfield is considered just the opposite: generous with his time even when work is piling in from all sides. Aside from singing and playing guitar with Max Q, he also performs in a Celtic quartet called Astronaut. Just over a month before launch date, he was out there on a Friday at the Bayview Duck, then singing at an outdoor St. Patrick's Day celebration the next day. Astronaut has recorded songs on two CDs, performed at a festival in Celtic music festivals in France, and raised \$45,000 last year for a "space school" that since 1994 has brought 250 teenagers from 20 countries to Houston for three-week summer programs. The Hadfields even put up several ads each summer in their own home. "You just say what you need, and Chris is there," says Geoff Miles, the school's founder.

Houston have come with the job—including leaving their apartment in Surin, where he was born 41 years ago, named after him. But there have been costs, as well—including missing his children outside Canada. The Hadfields have lived in the

United States since 1987 but remain passionate patriots and wanted their kids to attain a Canadian identity. They began worrying when their oldest son, Kyle, now 18, was about to attend high school. The local secondary school in their neighborhood near Johnson Space Center was a typical American institution—a couple of thousand students and, being in Texas, a sign declaring it a "weapon-free zone."

Instead, they sent Kyle to the private Lakeside College School near Poughkeepsie, Ont. The Hadfields—Evan, who turns 16 on his father's scheduled launch date of April 15, and Kristin, now 14—followed him there. "We asked them, 'Do you feel Canadian or American?', and they all answered American," explains Helene, a systems administrator for a chemical firm. "Not that there's anything wrong with that," she hastens to add, "but we wanted them to experience Canadian values and society as well." Chris Hadfield says he tries to avoid being part of the "red police"—correcting U.S. pronunciation and misnomers—but can't always resist.

Eventually, they say, they will return to Canada, and hope their children will settle there as well. But there are other adventures still ahead—starting with a move to Star City, near Moscow, this summer when Hadfield takes up a six-month appointment as NASA's director of operations in Russia. Before that, though, there's the little matter of visiting the space station—and a second date with "Yan Q."

Chris Hadfield's expanding universe

- Born Aug. 29, 1959, in Surin, Ont., named after Milton Ott, where his family owns a farm.
- Reached his pilot's license at the age of 16.
- Joined the Canadian Forces at 18/18, served as a technician in mechanical engineering from the Royal Military College and master of science degree from the University of Toronto.
- Served as a fighter pilot until 1983.
- Worked on a U.S. military test pilot until 1992.
- Chosen as a Canadian astronaut in 1992.
- First test pilot space in 1995 aboard the space shuttle Mir as a mission specialist.
- Scheduled to fly off again on April 22 aboard the shuttle Endeavour. "It's the thing in the mouth of a huge dog," Hadfield says. "We're being taken into the power of something of tremendous energy."



Skin and stones

By John Benrose

Family saga novels never seem to go out of fashion. From *Mao de la Roche's* popular *Jahns* series to modern classics such as Gabriel Garcia Marquez's *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, pillars of readers have succumbed to the prospect of tracing a family's fate over several generations. "Fate" is the critical word here, because that story immediately obvious in the course of one generation emerges as a determining pattern over the long run. And so it is in Jane Urquhart's poignant new novel, *The Stone Carvers* (McClelland & Stewart, 392 pages, \$34.95), in which fate takes the form of inherited artistic talent.

Urquhart has explored the artist's psyche before, in both *The Whirlpool* (1986) and her Governor General's Award-winning *The Underpaper* (1997). But she has never followed the genetic trail of talent so closely the way it disappears for a generation, only to erupt later, shaping the life of its possessors in unpredictable ways.

The Stone Carvers returns to the pre-war setting of Urquhart's most popular

novel, *Atwood* (1993). But the author has shifted from that book's largely Irish milieu to the German-speaking undertones of southwestern Ontario. She begins with a Catholic priest, Father Gies who has been sent to the settlement of Shesvel by Bishop King Ludwig, an eccentric and pious (and real historical figure) who first staged anxiety of Wagner's operas. Determined to build a church in



Sculptors are like lovers in this saga, awakening rock instead of flesh

the wilderness, Father Gies makes the help of Joseph Becker, a Russian miller's son with a gift for wood carving.

Joseph creates the church's altar and statues, but his talent is not inherited by his son, Dieter. However Dieter and his wife, Helga, have two children, Tilman and Klara, for whom carving becomes an obsession. Ultimately, they cross the Atlantic to work on sculptor Walter Alward's Vinny Ridge monuments to Canada's dead in the First World War

Unquhart at Alward's Toronto memorial to the War

There's a unique flavor to Urquhart's work that lies somewhere between the suggestion of magic realism and the simplicity of folk art. Like the great figures adorning the Vinny monument, the characters of *The Stone Carvers* have a universal quality: after they seem more like types than individuals. This can lead to an irritating vagueness, but it also lends Urquhart's novel—at least in its best passages—the work force of a fairy tale. Klara represents all young women who have ever loved and lost when her love, Eamon, runs off to fight in the Great War and disappears; she becomes an icon of repressed, unacknowledged grief.

Eamon, too, seems both amplified and larger than life. His strange, dry wit lessens when he meets Klara but in an epic quality, summoning up a lost world (but, at least, to us now, boyhood) when a single word or gesture can carry a universe of meaning. As she showed in *Atwood*, Urquhart can imbue such tragicomic characters with psychologically acute clarity. When Tilman talks to the statue as a hobby, he meets another wanderer called Refugio. Raven by gale over an imagined crisis, the man is a hilarious monument to negativity. His every vainest attempt to deny something, even his own existence. When Tilman refers to Refugio's arms, the tramp replies indignantly: "What arms? Who says I got arms?"

Years after Eamon's death, when Klara journey to commemorate him leads her to the Vinny memorial, she tempers with its marble stones and—in a vivid some—goes into trouble with Alward. Urquhart powerfully evokes the wonder of stone and the carver's art, always linking them to the human body. As stone takes shape under the sculptor's chisel, so Klara's body wakes under the touch of a new lover she finds in France. But bodies and stone are both doomed to age, then disappear. A sense of mortality hangs over *The Stone Carvers*, and this is emphasized by the fact that neither Klara nor Tilman has children. Their genetic inheritance will vanish, but in Klara's flesh one of her talents lives the novel's moving promise that, if we are true to our gifts, we can at least strike a brief form from the obdurate stone of our fate. **B**



Congratulations to the author of one of the finest books we read last year.

Congratulations to Helen MacInnes, winner of this year's Rogers Writers' Trust Fiction Prize of \$18,000 for her novel *Afterimage*, a thrill's latest book published by Harper/LamigoCanada. We're also like to congratulate winners Todd Rabin (Doubleday Canada), Douglas Glover (The Grange Press), and Michael Winter (The All Day Press), who were each awarded \$1,000 for their work.

ROGERS
imagine

Monumental obsession

The man behind the Vimy Ridge memorial never got his due

By Brian Bothe

In the summer of 1936, King Edward VIII made his first royal visit abroad. He travelled to Vimy Ridge in northern France to unveil Canada's monument to its 60,000 Great War dead. Only six months on the throne and as yet untouched by the scandal of his romance with Wallis Simpson, the popular sovereign had come as King of Canada, standing on Canadian soil—100 hectares donated in perpetuity by a grateful French government—and guarded by scarlet-clad RCMP officers. Edward played host on Sunday, July 26 to French president Albert Lebrun, numerous clergy and a crowd of 100,000. Among them were 6,000 veterans and relatives of the dead who had come from Canada on what was unofficially described as a pilgrimage. Edward spoke with many of them, including 75-year-old Mrs. C. S. Wood of Winnipeg, eight of whose 12 sons had perished in the carnage of the Western Front. "Peace God, Mrs. Wood," said the King. "I shall never happen again."

Simply to read about the events of that day is to peer through a glass dirty at a Canada long vanished, a deeply Christian nation, devoted to its monarchy and intent to sacrifice. It was also a country not given to celebrating its artists. Mention of the Vimy memorial's creator as its travelling icon conspicuous by its absence, although *Modernism* did note, almost in passing, that the shrine was "the most beautiful of its kind in all Europe." In fact, in 34 years of obsessive struggle, Walter Allward had created what is arguably the greatest work of monumental art by a Canadian.



Photo: J. G. Macdonald

Walter Allward laboured for 34 years to create his magnificent tribute to Canada's Great War dead.

But the then-41-year-old Toronto sculptor returned home to obscurity even as the wheel of fate begins to turn for Allward a half-century after his 1955 death—he is a central figure in Jane Urquhart's new novel, *The Stone Carver*, and next month 10 of his original plaster figures for Vimy will go on display at the Museum of Civilization in Hull, Que.—the sculptor remains unknown. "I would have fictionalized Allward's character in any event,"



Urquhart says, "but under the circumstances I had no choice, since there was so little on him."

Born in Toronto in 1875, Allward was making comfortable living creating busts of such eminent Canadians as Sir Wilfrid Laurier by the time the First World War began in 1914. Too old to go to war himself, Allward often brooded on the horrors unfolding in France, and his anguish over the slaughter suffused his designs, winner of a 1921 government competition. The massive structure is built on a series of long walls inscribed with the names of 11,285 Canadians whose bodies were never recovered. From the walls rise two 50-m pylons and 20 giant figures symbolizing such concepts as The Resurgence of the Sword and Canada Mourning Her Fallen Sons. Allward's concept, described by Group of Seven painter A. Y.

Jackson as "beyond and above anything the frames of the competition conceived at," cost the insurance Depression-era sum of \$1.25 million—less, its defender noted, than the cost of half a day's wartime shelling. And there was never any doubt where it would go—Vimy Ridge, the place where Canadian history meets French geography.

On Easter Monday, April 9, 1917, the Canadian Corps launched an assault on the German position at Vimy, a high ridge so strongly fortified that earlier British and French assaults had been hurled back. But in three days of bloody fighting, the Corps swept everything before it in the greatest set-piece battle of the war. The price was high—10,662 officers or wounded—but soldiers at the time, and historians since, have argued that the battle was the key

to making Canada a nation. And the same commanding heights that made the ridge a military prize also made it a superb setting for Allward's pylons, visible for over 60 km.

The immense task of clearing the site, cluttered with unexploded bombs and human remains, took 2½ years. Allward also spent years deciding on which material to use—he chose Trau stone from Yugoslavia—and longer still to locate a sculptor equal to his standards. Work began in earnest in 1925, and for 11 years Allward stubbornly battled for his vision. When the war graves commissions quarried the costly delays, Allward went back with artistic objections. "I have been eating and sleeping none for so long, it has become an obsession with me, and, incidentally, a nightmare." But on that summer Sunday in 1936, no one was complaining of cast-ironism. Allward's spare sculptures and overt Christian symbolism resonated profoundly with the overseas pilgrims.

His work days, Allward returned to Toronto. When war broke out again in 1939, he persuaded the government war demands to protect Vimy from aerial attack. He also began to make disturbing sketches—shattered bodies, or levers run through by a single musket and, in the background, Vimy in ruins. "I've seen those," says novelist Urquhart. "They're like little William Blake, an insight into Allward's mind." The monument narrowed, of course, so did Allward's original plaster models, sent to Canada, where they were used from the crony at best. They ended up in the custody of the department of veterans affairs, which in 1990 sold the army so that the planners to a "location where the attention of the public would not be attracted" and destroy them. But the defence ministry refused, and the planners now belong to the Canadian War Museum.

Allward's slow re-emergence into public consciousness has been matched by the slow decomposition of his monument. Although Veterans Affairs has been struggling for a decade to restore the Vimy structure, almost a quarter of its 4,640 stone blocks still need replacement. And in a final irony, today time has obscured many of the curves Allward laboured so long to carve on the walls. ■

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The Stoned Screen

Brian D. Johnson

Director Martin Scorsese once said that movies are "really a kind of *desensitization*, like taking dope." But a lot of movies these days are not just *like* taking dope; they're *about* taking dope. Just look at some of the recent Oscar nominees. In *Jaggle*, a 16-year-old white girl lingers behind an isolating veil with baby fat—swishes in a stonish reverie to a naked black man whose heroin into her arse. In *Apocalypse Now*, a junkie Adams probes for a vein in a black-and-blue forearm, while his mother is snoring out on diet pills and TV game shows. In *Alvin Karpis*, a rocker on acid producers he's God and jumps off a roof into a pool. And now comes *Blow*, a drug-culture version of the American Dream—examining Johnny Depp as George Jung, the entrepreneur who unleashed cocaine on North America in the 1970s.



Depp is adorable. Who else could make big-time drug dealer seem so sweetly naïve? He comes across as the Johnny Appleseed of cocaine. But *Blow's* nonviolent trip through the drug culture's coming of age—from the innocence of weed to the corruption of coke—follows a familiar arc. And by the end of it, the locks have been cut with so much baby-powder sentiment, it makes you wonder if the Drug Movie, once at the experimental edge of cinema, is now being peddled as just another recreational formula.

The genre has been with us for a while, at least since 1969's *Easy Rider*. And let's be specific: By Drug Movie, we don't mean mere crime flicks like *The French Connection* that focus on catching drug dealers. Or rehab movies like *Clean and Sober* that are about getting off drugs. The Drug Movie is about getting off, period. Which is not to say the euphoria goes unexamined. Those who get off rarely get off *scot-free*; the high is usually followed by a sobering crash.

In fact, the Drug Movie has a hyperbolic sense of morality that's at once biblical and baroque. From the martyred bikers of *Easy Rider* to the tormented souls of *Apocalypse Now*, its heroes are typically outlaw pilgrims on a quest for altered consciousness. And the road itself is an ungovernable Treasure of the Sierra Madre. It's taboo crystallized, the ultimate fetish commodity: Cocaine is powdered greed, heroin is the slow sink of the devil, hallucinogens are a ticket to

Easy Rider's iconic motorcycle, played by *Prose and Hopper* took the counterculture tripping into the heart of Hollywood

madness. Only marijuana gets off lightly, blowing smoke in the face of banal reality, although let's not forget that in *American Beauty* the suburban dad who develops a taste for kiffer weed ends up dead. Not from the weed, of course, but from the machine seat belt—not unlike the redneck thug on blast that blew away Dennis Hopper and Peter Fonda at the end of *Easy Rider*.

More often than not, the Drug Movie is a doomed romance, the last stand of the rebel against the system. But it has also been synonymous with a revolution in filmmaking, a desire to disrupt insider narrative with visual deflection. It's no coincidence that *Easy Rider*, which sprung from the counterculture and served as its eulogy, became the first independent film of the American New Wave to challenge Hollywood. As anti-establishment as it was, it adhered to the rules of the movie-as-dragstrip. (Of course, some might argue that the previous year's *2001: A Space Odyssey* was the first trip flick, even if the only drugs involved were those ingested by the audience.)

Over the past three decades, the Drug Movie, like the drug trade, has expanded its arsenal. Attempts to synthesize mind-altering experience on-screen have become more authentic and non-judgmental. Gus Van Sant captured the movie cocaine of pharmacokinetics in *Drugstore Cowboy*—the unexpected memoir of a jaded dope fiend who describes the rush in a warm itch that surged along until the brain concerned it in a general explosion. Oliver Stone (*The Doors*) and Carroll Bruce McDonald (*Hard Core Logo*) have both scaled the Everest of drug re-enactments: the acid trip. Tripping out still

constantly upping their dose, filmmakers keep dosing over more graphic fix scenes. Melanie Griffith joins a needle into her neck in *Another Day in Paradise*, as does Ben Stiller in *Persepolis*. *Mistake*, *Apocalypse Now* takes drug pain to new heights with a techno-pulse montage of microscopic close-ups snaking billowing under a flame, a needle snorkeling its tip, a pupil dilating like a spring-loaded piston.

Shooting cocaine up your nose, on the other hand, is not very sexy to watch. While heroin in movies has come to signify bohemian squallor—and tragic wailers—cocaine almost always represents corruption and the wrong kind of wealth. It's the New Money drug. That was its role in Scorsese's *Goodfellas*, about a New Jersey kid who makes it as a gangster, then goes lost in a blizzard of coke. P.T. Anderson took a similar tack with *Boogie Nights*, about a porn star whose career nose-dives.

Both are stories of Scorsese's cocaine, about the rise and fall of blue-collar boys who make it in the underworld. And so is *Blow*, a movie transparently modeled on *Goodfellas*. Like the Scorsese film, it's based on the biography of a man behind bars (Blow, Bruce Porter's compelling 1993 biography of George Jung). Director Ted Demme mimics the *Goodfellas* style of voice-over narration. And to drive home the homage, he even casts *Goodfellas* star Ray Liotta as George's father.

The movie starts well, with Carl Zin Hanzel Knecht by the Rolling Stones smoking through a fine-cut pipe of cocaine production, from a vat of paste in the Colombian jungle to bundles of white bricks on a California airstrip. Then we flash back to a blue-collar household near Boston, where George is being raised by a broken-down father (Ray Liotta) and a mean-spirited mother (Rachel Griffiths). With a friend, George drives out to California in 1965, and ends up in Manhattan Beach, where the seven are paved with Acapulco gold and the girl next door is a stewardess on a bikini.

From *Easy Rider* to *Blow*, the Drug Movie has become an addiction all its own



In *Blow*, Depp and Liotta get high on the American Dream

Our hero looks up with a post-doubling, half-dressed (a flaming Paul Benzel), and before long George is flying in holes of marijuana from Mexico. When he gets caught with 660 lbs. of the stuff, he tells the court that he just "crossed an imaginary line with a bunch of pants." In jail, George meets the high-level Colombian contact who pushes him to the next level.

Price, says George, "was a crime school—I went in with a bunch of marijuana and graduated with a doctorate of cocaine." All that is truly steady, and as George beautifully sets himself up as the American poster man for Pablo Escobar's Medellín cocaine cartel, the film dips along with the energy of a good cocaine addict. But in George's world, the movie takes, like a drug, wearing off. Perdue Cox shows up in a shallow role as his Colombian wife, Martha, who turns out to be a fiery rage. (Between his wife and mother, George is lost by sheer weight.) The chemistry between Cox and Depp never materializes. And as the movie drifts to a melancholy fade—George bonding with his dad and missing his daughter—

back new features of justice heaven, and talk by plugging the camera into the eye of the needle, and down the roller. And you can almost hear the brain cells popping in *Man on a Hot Tin Roof*, an exhilarating ode to ecstasy a movie that wants to be a drug. Stimulating substance abuse has become a kind of pornography. And in the repertoire of drug porn, shooting up is still the most cinematic fetish—the equivalent to the money shot in a sex scene. David Cronenberg once told me that needles are the one thing that makes him appear in movies. Well, he must have injected like a cocaine. From Steven when he saw *Pulp Fiction's* scene of an avowed Uins Therman being stabbed in the heart with a giant syringe of adrenaline. Like addic-



COOL MOVIES ON DRUGS: A USER'S GUIDE

From left, Jennifer Jason Leigh gets stoned in *Rush*; Checco Marini goes 'up' in *Sinbad's Jersey Devil*; and out in *David Copperfield*.

Films

you're really starting to miss the cocaine.

Also lacks the intricate detail and propulsive rhythm that made *Goodfellas* so satisfying. It's a substance-abuse flick that lacks substance. But it does touch on quite a phenomenon. As George observes, "Cocaine exploded on American culture like an atomic bomb. It started in Hollywood and spread." Once it was accepted by actors and musicians, it adds, everyone else followed.

Show business has always been the motor force of the drug culture. And drug movies are a form of Hollywood self-portraiture. Depp, who played genius acidhead Hunter S. Thompson in *Burnt by the Sun* and *Looney Tunes* as *Las Vegas*, has his own history of heavy drug use. As for *Dennis* (nephew of director Jonathan), in a phone interview from New York City last week, he declined to talk about his personal habits. "But obviously being in the entertainment biz, you see a lot," he said. "I've been around people who have been in the game. And recently I've run into a few people who have been affected pretty badly by the game. And that has affected my life." *Dennis*, 36, certainly knows that any drug moment, two or three, has to provide a vicarious high. "A lot of people will tell you that drugs are really fun," he says, "particularly people who were partying a lot in the '70s. If the whole movie is no, no, no, then who would want to go to that party?"

Even between Soderbergh, whose *Traffic* paints a dark picture of drugs, appreciates the importance of making them seductive. The drug-taking scenes are the movie's most erotic moments—no only erotic moments. Over lunch in Toronto last year, Soderbergh said that when he shot the scene of teenagers cooking up free-base cocaine, he had no shortage of volunteers from the crew offering to demonstrate exactly how it was done. But then, Hollywood has a fraternal appreciation of the art of getting high, and the price of coming down. It is, after all, in the business of trafficking dreams. **B**

KEEFER BACHMAN 1999

The anti-war propaganda film (aka *For the Children*) is more as a high-octane comedy for the children of the Soldiers.

VALLEY OF THE DOLLS 1967

Shawnee Melodrama, with Betty Dukes in an erotic on-uppers ("Sure I take drugs I got to get up at five in the morning and sparkle, sparkle, sparkle!")

EASY RIDER 1969

A movie about the stoned, by the stoned, for the stoned. The screen's first "you had to be there" acid trip is improvised at a New Orleans cemetery. Far out.

GIMME SHELTER 1970

The Rolling Stones and the Hell's Angels bring music, drugs and murder to Altamont, Calif. A gloriously bad trip.

PERFORMANCE 1970

Mick Jagger does some bisexual shape-shifting with a gangster, two girls and some psychedelics in a London flat.

THE FANIC IN NEEDLE PARK 1971

Just weird. At Al Pacino crumpling Manhattan's mean streets, when an extra shoots up, it looks very understated.

UP IN SMOKE 1978

Chiwel and Chong target an audience highly prone to laughter.

ALTERED STATES 1980

William Hurt looks for enlightenment in LSD and sensory deprivation tanks. Problem is, he keeps having religious hallucinations during sex.

SID & HANCK 1986

As jerkie Sex Pistol Sid Vicious, Gary Oldman is a human train wreck.

BLUE VELVET 1986

Dennis Hopper, who has tried everything, plays a psycho sucking on ribbons of silk.

DEAD FINGERS 1988

David Cronenberg directs jewelry lions as self-medicating twin gynecologists.

DRUGSTORE CONWY 1989

As a defuncted jewelry giant, William B. Dwyer plays Matt Dwyer his last, bloodying. Director Gus Van Sant's final hour.

GOODFELLAS 1999

The ultimate cocaine pic. Ray Liotta would lose a man on the way to deal coke and fix his life, while making tomato sauce.

HAKEE LUNCH 1996

A writer tells "the black man" of the guest aquatic Brooklyn's "entirely" with insecticide ("It's a Ruffia high 'You had like a bug'")

RUSH 1981

Jason Patric and Jennifer Jason Leigh are stoned who get hooked on hard evidence.

THE BASKETBALL DIAPHRIS 1996

A pro-Elton John's DiCaprio rolls up his sleeves to play (joke) past. An Canal.

HARD CORE LOSS 1996

Canada's Bruce McDonald whips up a girl's head soup of an acid trip.

TRANSPORTE 1999

Jason, pro and con. Pro: "Take the best orgasm you've ever had and multiply it by a thousand." Con: a mother ignores her dead baby to look for another fix.

FEAR AND LOATHING IN LAS VEGAS 1999

Sideways psychodrama. Johnny Depp classes up as Hunter S. Thompson, for whom ether is the drug of last resort. A movie that must have scored like a good idea at the time.

GO 1999

Scotty Peley says ecstasy. Look for this stoned subtitled conversation with a cat.

GRASS 1999

Roxi Mean complex the greatest hits of pot prohibition. Woody Harrelson makes it.

HUMAN TRAFFIC 1999

Transporting without the violence or the hassle. A bunch of kids from Cardiff, Wales, go to a new and live to tell about it.

REQUIM FOR A DREAM 2000

Pair-coupling drug pain, making the equation between legal and illegal addictions.

TRAFFIC 2000

It covers all the bases: gangsters, cops, pimps, kids, parents. It checks the war on drugs can't be won, let the heading begin.

Erin D. Johnson



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What Matters to Canadians



Edited by Susan Ols

A movie star hit (and miss) parade

Anyone who has ever heard Willem Dafoe wonder the *Beastie* *Lay in the Sky* with *Dissonance* knows that awful things can happen when actors turn to music. Yet movie stars continue to make recordings—often with embarrassing results. *Hollywood Goes Wild* (RPM/Novare), a benefit CD to raise money for a Los Angeles-area wildlife sanctuary, is a little different.

Although it contains plenty of celebrity posers, including an unintentionally funny Bruce Springsteen imitation by Billy Bob Thornton, the album boasts some surprisingly good performances. Jeff Goldblum plays a fine evening piano on a big-band number called *Born Pretty*, while Juliette Lewis turns in an emotionally charged version of P.J. Harvey's *Hardly Wist*. The standout track is the acoustic gem *At So Hard* by Mase Wynnegan, best known for her Oscar-nominated performance as a folk singer.



Keara et al sound like second-rate REM

opposite Jennifer Jason Leigh, in the 1995 film *Georgia*. Meanwhile, more soulful come from Brad Pitt, who delivers a cringe-worthy packably number from his 1991 movie *Jelousy Snake*. Keara Reeves, whose band Dogstar sounds like second-rate REM, and Russell Crowe, who, in his rumbling Lou Reed-style ballad, performs with the aptly named group 30 Cold Feet of Grass. Don't give up your day jobs, boys.

Nicholas Jennings

Ladies' anatomy

Don't expect to see any nudity in *Barbed in America*, Jason Priestley's "racy" documentary on one of Canada's most popular bands (JTV, April 13). Although the original 90-minute film avoided shots of exuberant Ladies first flashing bosoms and butts, as well as one amusing scene of the band discussing not his masturbation, the one-hour TV version is a much tamer affair. Not that Priestley's original cut took any re-



A dressed-up band for TV

al risks, or offered much depth in exploring the group. The Canadian actor-turned-director only based on camera sessions with the band, focusing instead on the upside of the Ladies, as their song *Clear Wink* tapped the U.S. charts in 1998 and boyfriend Kevin Hearn successfully bartered leukemia. But he does manage to capture the band's winning image as it conquers America with its quirky, infectious pop.

N.J.

Feminine mystique

Any Sky wants to ignore the female spirit through music. "I hope women will gain a renewed sense of self-esteem," the singer says of her Phenomenal Woman concert tour, which opens in Kingston, Ont., on April 17 and ends up in Winnipeg on May 5. The 10-stop cross-country tour will include music, dance, spoken word and film—and guest appearances by Molly Johnson and Kim Snowdown, among others. Global Television plans to tape the April 20 Toronto show and air it as a special on Mother's Day weekend. The project was inspired by Ameri-



Sky from women on tour

others," says Sky. A portion of the proceeds is donated for the Canadian Women's Foundation—a charity dedicated to improving the lives of females. "Women," says Sky, "need to realize they're more than just what they see in the mirror."

Etchings, erotica

The German publisher Taschen is known for handsome books on art, photography, pop culture and erotica. It has just launched Icons, a series of small eye-catching paperbacks—distilled from bigger Taschen tomes, and including a brief essay—each at just \$9.95 apiece. Among the first out of the gate are toms on 19th-century erotica and on Seattle-based Edward S. Curtis, who travelled throughout North America from 1905 to 1928 photographing native peoples. There is also a handsome collection of etchings by 18th-century architect Giovanni Battista Piranesi, and a fascinating book called *Chino*, featuring designs from the past 200 years. Forthcoming titles include *20th-Century Photography*, *Classical Rock Covers*, *Robert R. Rauschenberg*, *Taxidermy*, *Art News*, *Indian Style* and the intriguing *Desire: Lingerie in Erotic Imagery*.



Best-Sellers

Fiction	2002
1. THE IMMORTALIST (Diane Ackland)	1
2. THE GIVER (Michael Ondaatje)	2
3. DEATH IN MAY (Michael Ondaatje)	3
4. THE LAST THING HE SAW (Michael Ondaatje)	4
5. THE GIVER (Michael Ondaatje)	5
6. THE GIVER (Michael Ondaatje)	6
7. THE GIVER (Michael Ondaatje)	7
8. THE GIVER (Michael Ondaatje)	8
9. THE GIVER (Michael Ondaatje)	9
10. THE GIVER (Michael Ondaatje)	10

Non-fiction	2002
1. THE GIVER (Michael Ondaatje)	1
2. THE GIVER (Michael Ondaatje)	2
3. THE GIVER (Michael Ondaatje)	3
4. THE GIVER (Michael Ondaatje)	4
5. THE GIVER (Michael Ondaatje)	5
6. THE GIVER (Michael Ondaatje)	6
7. THE GIVER (Michael Ondaatje)	7
8. THE GIVER (Michael Ondaatje)	8
9. THE GIVER (Michael Ondaatje)	9
10. THE GIVER (Michael Ondaatje)	10

1. The Giver (Michael Ondaatje)
Compiled by Susan Ols

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Allan Fotheringham

The Liberal firing squad

Everyone is in search of a Cassandra, a rosy, a seer, a prophet, an eminent person gifted with the wisdom of seeing the future, the future being the next leader of the Liberal party and thus, the prime minister forever. Whoever leads the Natural Governing Party will lead the nation into the sunset, or the end of this century, whichever comes first.

Constant Reader has come to the right place. The Rock Page, born of all relevant intelligence. What is going to happen in the days near as the taste of Shewenagite dies is that the Liberals are going to perfect a trick hereafter known only to the Tories. Form a firing squad in the shape of a circle—as with musk once—and start firing within.

April, 2001. In the opening, bit of the drama, Brian Tobin is not doing himself a lot of good in his slavering, emotional defences of Du Boss in his Question Period anathemas of Jeanine Cockran. (If the golf clubs don't fit, you gotta squint.) Du Boss aka Little Gray from Shewenag plays hooky from long periods of Question Period, content in the knowledge that Tobin is making a bar of anas of himself—fighthoff Joe Clark!—as he goes for 20 Stanes Drive.

May, 2001. Paul Martin, seeking his natural retreat of having no issues whatsoever in being Liberal leader, will be asked yet again at a press conference about the government by Du Boss in a caucus meeting due. Duboy Bush, after one meeting, comes across as a "cowboy" who is "naive" and doesn't know where Prince Edward Island is. No reporter points out to Martin that most Canadians don't know where Prince Edward Island is, and more important, wonder why it's a province. Ask Alberta. Ask British Columbia. Martin defends Prince Edward Island, wherever it is.

August, 2001. Health Minister Allan Rock, fully recovered from prostate cancer, the ideal candidate who can't wait to unhorse Du Boss, has great difficulty defending new Health Reform. Czar Ray Romanow from the anas by Bernard (Red Rag) Landry. Red Rag reminds all and sundry that Du Boss, Romanow and Charon's Ray McMurtry were da guys in the "kitchen cabinet" who in the middle of the night—now known in separate mythology as "the night of the long leave"—kept Quebec out of the Constitution.

(Not true but if da don't fit, you gotta squint.) Further, Du Boss and Romanow then ruined da country—true—in all the Constitution, they know as the Tuzee and the Uke (true).

October, 2001. Joe Clark's underwear, found 22 years after his infamous world tour, is finally delivered to Parliament Hill. Margaret McTear burns it. At the same time, it will be revealed through the Official Names Department that Audrey McLaughlin has legally changed her name to Ainsie McDonough. Or vice versa. The files are smudged.

January, 2002. By this time, the Tobin tongue in Question Period has run out. It is remembered that Captain Canada's first job was as a duck policy in Goose Bay, appealing, rightly to the Yanks in the big anas. Tufflegab is appealing. But Newfie charm and gift of the gab powers problems. John Crosbie, who was gold medalist at every university he ever attended and was the most intelligent cabinet minister in the Clark/McDonough cabinets, killed himself in a leadership contest with his throwaway comment to wondrous Quebec reporters that, sure he didn't speak French but he didn't speak German or Chinese either and what was the difference.

Intelligence doesn't get you everywhere in politics. Ask Al Gore. Ask George Duhyr (aka Strub) Bush.

June, 2002. Frank McKenna makes a major policy speech at the Empire Club at Toronto's Royal York ballroom. He has been silent since running as New Brunswick's premier, wherein he wiped out Richard Hatfield's Tories 58 to 0 in an election that will be replicated only when the B.C. Gios (aka Sochris in bed with weekbreaker Tories) do the same to the NDP government.

August, 2002. With the standard Liberal party leadership review coming up at end of year, McKenna reveals his income in the job. By this time, Martin, Rock and Tobin—shooting within—have bored the public. McKenna, who turned his poor province into the interlocking capital of the country, has been on a year-long speaking tour reaching from Dubai to certain people in Toronto who have money.

As premier of a province one-third francophone thanks to the Academics, he can handle French much better than the learning Tobin. And has a better campaign-fundraising base. Best of all, he comes into the house late. In January of 1968, the Canadian public had barely heard of Pierre Trudeau. By April, he was Liberal leader and PM. "Continental delegates" mean nothing. They react to public excitement.

When Du Boss goes, Frank McKenna will be da new guy. Remember, you heard it here last.



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"It's one of those cars that people go on and on about. Which is fine by me since I charge by the hour."

By Haley Longreen, Psychiatrist and L-Series Owner

MY JOB IS TO LISTEN AND TO GIVE ADVICE. But mostly listen. Which came in handy when I was shopping for a car. Listening to people talk about what they found important in a vehicle led me to my very first Saturn retailer. **1) Love/Hate relationship.** Whenever the topic of cars came up

I kept my ears open. People either complained about what was wrong with their vehicles or raved about what they were driving (this is where Saturn's name kept coming up). Everyone seemed to like it for a different reason: better mileage, more trunk space, safety, performance. I had to check it out. **2) A Comfortable Environment.** When I walked into the Saturn retail facility I was immediately impressed. Someone walked by and said "Hi." That's all. I felt comfortable. I looked around. No pressure. This is the environment I try to create in my own office.



The prospect of therapy (or buying a car) is scary enough as it is. **3) Know what you're talking about.** As a psychiatrist this is key. I'm the stabilizing force in a lot of people's lives. But I still have to be approachable. (Try that balancing act). When I was ready to talk to a Saturn retailer I knew the guy was on the ball. I like that. He answered all my questions about a particular L-Series vehicle.

When I left the retailer I knew I was going to be back.

4) Listen all the Time. I keep coming back to the importance of this. The retailer I dealt with listened to my expectations and directed me to my new Saturn. It felt like I was buying an entire car company, not just a car. I could have gone with a more expensive vehicle, but in the end I just liked Saturn. And believe me, I could go on and on about it.



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